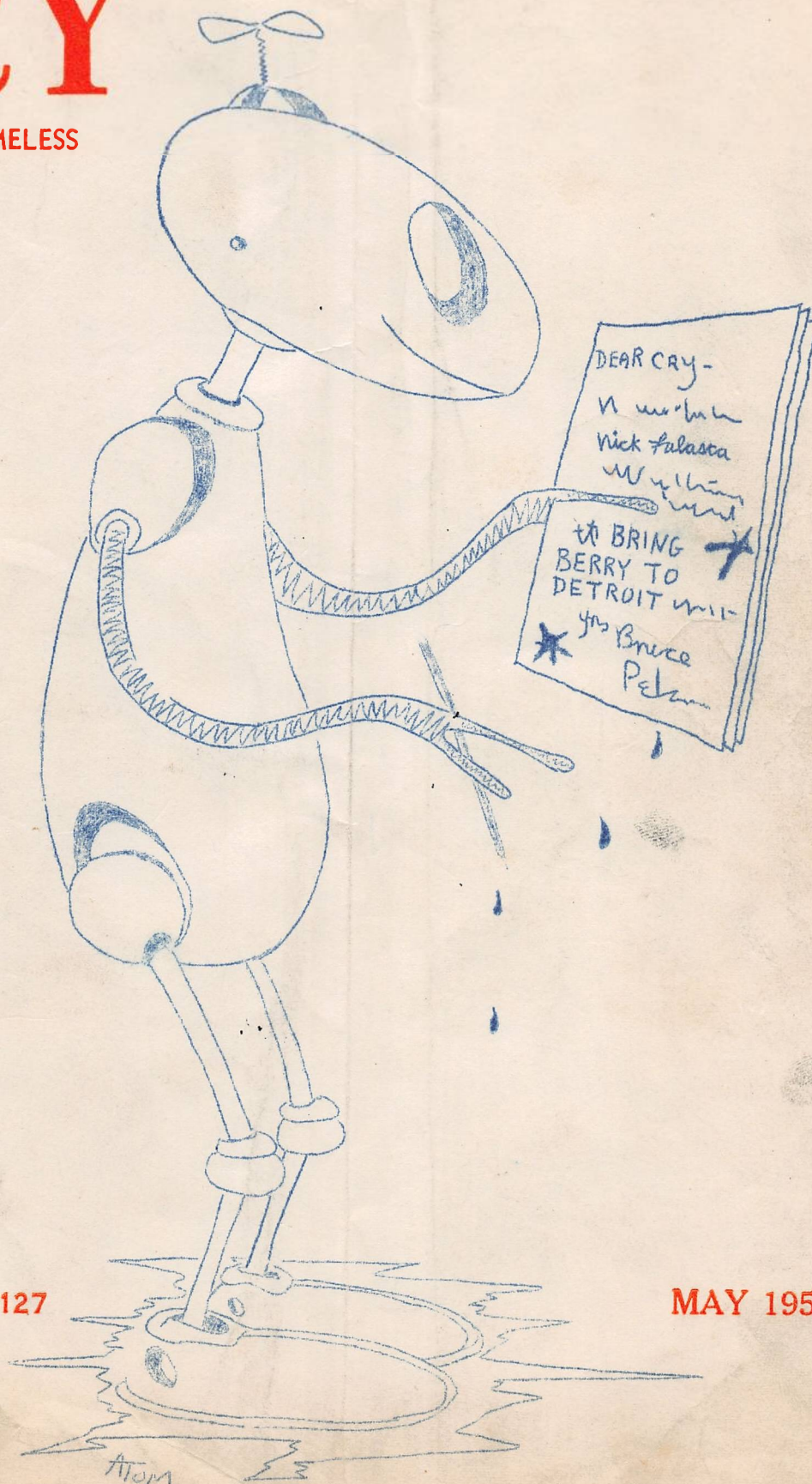


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CRY

OF THE NAMELESS

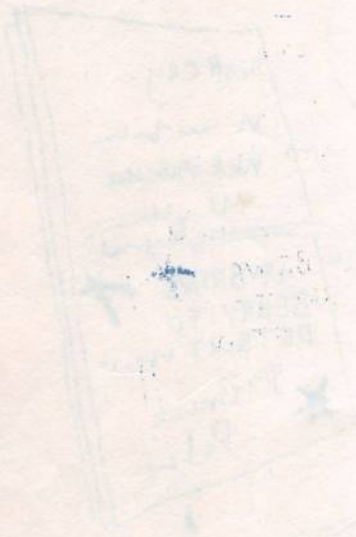


NUMBER 127

MAY 1959

CRY

OF THE NAMELESS



MAY 1900

NUMBER 157

As you might well have expected, here is CRY #127 for May 1959. CRY, a FenDen Publication, extrudes itself from the Sign of the Blue Gestetner at regular monthly intervals. Missent copies are returned to Box 92, 920 3rd Ave, Seattle 4, Wash, and we are stuck with the return postage. CRY is available from this address for 25¢ per copy, 5/\$1, or 12/\$2, or for free if the issue contains a letter or contribution from you, or a review of your zine. Sorry, no trades, for reasons stated by Toskey to Gerber in the lettercol. (And, Les, in joking it up about Tosk's system as Circ-&Mlg Dep't, I did not mean to scoff anyone off. That job is a lot of work, on a zine like the CRY; Tosk does it each and every month, for free and for very little credit, it seems. While I feel that trades are desirable in some ways, I also feel that Tosk has a right to use his own system as long as he's doing the work. I'm not in a position to do the job, and neither are the rest of us. All clear now?)

For our friends in the UK, John Berry represents the CRY and accepts subs at 1/9 per copy, 5 for 7/-, and 12 for 14/-. Oh surely you have John's address. (31 Campbell Park Ave, Belmont, Belfast, N.Ireland?)

Let's get on to the vital matter of the Contents, shall we? Belfast, N.Ireland?

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Stencil-cutting this time: Elinor 22, Tosk 13, Buz 8, Wally 2. Cover-heading Multi-graphed by Toskey. Gestetning by Tosk, aided by Wally and possibly Otto if he heals.

"Best of Fandom 1958": 75¢, Guy Terwilliger, 1412 Albright St, Boise, Idaho.

CRY, the fanzine most in need of a good girdle, is looking into the faces of some alternate Inevitable Changes. Here is the 4th 45-page issue in a row; we had a moment of illusory elation when it looked as if this issue might be held to 41 pages, but sobered at uncovering some earlier-cut, forgotten stencils. It's Too Much.

What to do? Granted that we could strangle Pemberton (over my dead body), reject Berry, Cox, & Moffatt, and put everybody in the "..also heard from" section (only just have a look at it, this time), but it's hardly practical. We could also fold the CRY, but none of us really wants to. But we can't go on indefinitely month after month just barely keeping the zine down to a size that is rather burdensome already.

We've thought of going bi-monthly, publishing at the first of even-numbered months, starting either following the June, or the December issue. This would allow printing more of the letters (and the UKfen could appear more promptly), since the page-limit would be upped into the 50's. The review columns would be lengthier, but other material should run about the same except that recently-missing items would be more apt to make each issue... sub-rates are as yet an open question, but Baby won't be Fifty for a while yet, for sure. Well, just thought I'd let you in on some of the thinking around these environs, in hopes of constructive comment and all that. Going bi-monthly does seem to be the best idea, to date. What's your opinion?? -- Buz.

and on page ==4== begins it

The S - F Field Plowed Under

with Renfrew, your host, conducting.

Doggone Satellite and its New Monthly Large Size, anyhow; all it does around here is get lost in the various piles of fanzines, grocery-store zines (the wife's), True, The American Dachshund, newspapers, the AIEE Journal, and the issue of Dude with the pics of Trina Costello. A pox on the New Monthly Large Size, & a murrain.

At 64 pages plus covers, Satellite runs a little light on fiction, especially new fiction: 31 pages of new fiction, 11 of reprint fiction, and 22 (plus covers) of other material. It must be noted that a page of Satellite carries about twice the wordage of a digest-sized page, so consider the above breakdown as equal to 62, 22, and 44 pages respectively, of a 128-page digest zine-- it's still too skimpy on stories, for my taste.

Poul Anderson's leadpiece, "Sister Planet", starts out very entertainingly with interplay between Earthmen and cetaceous Venusians, snarls up on the possibility of re-engineering the chemistry of Venus to suit us but wipe out the locals, and winds up with a shock ending that shocks better than it convinces me that it'd work. Hmm, this one is an expansion of Simak's "Tools", come to think of it, but Poul ran into trouble with the square-cube law on the expansion.

Dickson's "E Gubling Dow" is one of those cryptic studies of people under mutual stress, in which the stfnal strain could be replaced by something entirely foreign to s-f without material damage to the plot or its equivocal outcome.

Best all-around story here is Bob Silverberg's "Appropriation": we have a Cultural Mission on a planet of emotionally-empathic natives who have become highly dependent on us. This mission is to be pulled out, we hear, from lack of funds. But the natives are most apt to go off the deep end, if we do. Problem is well set-up, and the logic of the kicker is remorseless.

Reprints: Merritt's "Woman of the Wood" is-- well, the trees are really people, after a fashion, and they are Menaced, and our hero is sucked in to help. It's all very dramatic and mystical, but the way things turn out, why did the trees need the human at all? To provide dramatic contrast and a leading character, only, for the readers. But then, I was never a Weird Tales fan.

Weinbaum's short-short "Graph" is ingenious, especially considering that it was written at least 25 years ago, when its theory was not widespread knowledge.

Weinbaum is Moskowitz' subject for eulogy this issue, and a deserving one (but I wish he would just once pull a dk and review a less-than-great, and fittingly).

Don Glassman tells how Albert Robida (1848-1926) was a better Predictor than Gernsback. Ellery Lanier norates as how hyperspace would frighten us, yes.

The Dear-Editor-I-Love-You lettercol manages to be dull and goshwow at the same time (hey, Vic Ryan; did your letter appear in full, or was it cut to suit?)

Too bad, but this is nowhere near up to the average of the digest-sized issues. They weren't always the greatest, but they packed more meat. I suppose it's a calculated risk, going after a brand-new off-the-stands readership.

Future for June is off the 3-color miniature-cuts cover system, and presents a Finlay nude-with-butterflies in enough colors to satisfy one and all, I hope.

"Love and the Stars--- Today" (Kate Wilhelm) considers the futility of an over-populated automated world, and a guy who's had it Up To Here. I can't say that the Note of Hope really holds together under close scrutiny, but it's a fair try.

"Signs of the Times", by Brent Howell, is a real howler: has to do with the defining of freedom by the "Positive" means of specifying what is permissible-- it's an old Prussian custom, youngsters. By injecting a recalcitrant returned-spaceman into the situation-- an ingenious recalcitrant returned-spaceman-- it giffs fun'n' games. (bet you didn't think I could spell "recalcitrant" twice in a row like that)

From Florida and from Alaska, send the loot to Nick Palasca: Berry to the Detention!
All donations should arrive at Five-Six-One-Two Warwick Drive: (Parma 29, Ohio)....

((and to the strains of "Winin' Boy", played and sung by Elmer Perdue, we enter
page ==5==))

"Obey That Impulse!" (by Larry Harris, and still in the June Future): this is pretty slight for a cover story; which came first, I wonder? The girl member of the scout-ship's crew is a snappish sort, always picking on the guy in charge of the trained butterflies who do the work-- yes, I said trained butterflies; who's writing this, you or me? Well, it makes a nice cover-pic, anyway...

Frank Belknap Long's "Flame of Life" is more like his oldtime turn-the-Universe-wrongside-out style than I've seen for years. Using the elderly gimmick of man c-h-a-n-g-e-d by cosmic rays, Long varies between truly poetic writing and a certain proportion of corn in describing the effects.... oh, for Pete's sake now I see the 1939 copyright-notice, at the end; no wonder it read like old times.

T H Mathieu's "Survival in Parallel" does indeed run two parallel stories to a common conclusion: (1) mother of mutant child confronted with killer-mob in 1984ish world, and (2) primitive proto-mammal mother with cubs, in dinosaur-fight arena. It is all brought up to a Moral, finally, but is confusing for a while there.

Don Westlake's "And Then He Went Away" is a Time-fugitive piece with a bit of a different kicker, which really saves it.

Tom Scortia has the 3rd and final part of his series of "Race Into Space" articles. This one deals with ion-drives, photon-sailing, and various ideas on atomic drives. This has been an interesting and informative series.

The lettercol winds up a discussion between Californian Richard Kyle and editor RAWL, dealing with the nature of the universe and the existence (or not) of the supernatural. RAWL signs it off by printing R Kyle's presentation and then very fairly pointing out that the disagreement is not a nit-picking one, but one of basic beliefs, hardly subject to adequate coverage in a lettercol even if the rest of the readership were not to be considered. Aside from the religious motif, however, I'd have liked to see the Fred Hoyle theory of Continuous Creation thrown into the discussion, just to see the color of the resultant bubbles.

Science-Fantasy is one of the Britizines I'd subscribe to, now, if it ceased appearing on the stands (Nebula is another; I'm not decided on New Worlds as yet).

Lead novel for April (#34) is John Brunner's "The Whole Man", sequel to "City of the Tiger" a bit ago. Telepath Gerald Howson is revealed as not only a dwarf but also a hemophiliac slow-healing distorted cripple; the story deals with his situation as a human being, as well as a telepath. This is a Good Piece.

John Rackham's "Nulook" (no, not an Eskimo) is one of the more deadpan polished renditions of the Brilliant Invention that Backfires. With chuckles.

"The Lady Was Jazz", by John Kippax, is a literally-meant title for a fantasy piece. This is not quite my stein of brew, though good for those who dig it.

Geo Whitley's "Can Do" is a quickie Unknown-type spoof. Recommended.

In "Are You an Android?", Brian W Aldiss writes one of the best bits of fan-fiction (no, not faaanfiction) that I've seen in some time. It's really choice; & if I'd seen it in a fanzine I'd've flipped over it on the first reading. As is, I flip for it at this writing, but only after realizing that there has developed a difference between what goes greatest in prozines and fanzines. Oh well-- just lay it to a Pembertonian idiosyncrasy, and enjoy this Aldiss joker; OK?

"The Diagnoser", by Edward Mackin: Hek Belov, "the world's foremost cyberneticist", appears to be an impoverished, British, first-person Galloway Gallagher, only with worse luck. I assure you that the comparison is complimentary in both directions, as far as it's valid. ## This bi-monthly zine is \$2.50/yr from Nova Publications Ltd, MacLaren House, 131 Great Suffolk St, London S E 1, England (same as New Worlds and SFA, but less addicted to reprints, and NW is monthly & so priced).

I got the impression that some of you folks are still reading other types of material besides prozines or even fanzines; I sometimes have that trouble, myself. For instance, there's Jules Feiffer's "Passionella, and other stories", published by McGraw-Hill for \$1.75-- I'll bet a lot of you are digging that one the most.

((and cavorting, here on page ==6==, over the fence into the pasture, like))

Some of you may have even bought it, as I did, being overawed by the lordly clerks and lacking confidence in your shoplifting techniques, even as I. Well, console yourselves-- you got yourselves a bargain.

Amazing, May: leadoff is a translation of some Russian stf, "Initiative", by Boris & Arkady Strugatski. For some reason, I expected a wooden sort of thing when I saw the blurb, but not so-- there's no way to assign credit to authors or to the translator, from here, but the published product is a Good Thing. The sequences written from the viewpoint of the robot-with-curiosity are very well done, and the "explanation" comes out to be (on purpose?) a sort of parable on the consequences inherent in a robot (or maybe a human?) who can react outside the bounds of pre-set directives. I wonder just who was kidding whom, here....

"Hunter Patrol" (Piper-McGuire) is a heavy-action version of the Time Circle. Except that the ending indicates that maybe it's a Spiral, instead. Interesting, in its implications, though dragged by the Overthrow-the-Dictator plot.

"Martian VFW", by G L Vandenburg, is tritest camouflaged-invasion, and shows. Bertram Chandler's "Wet Paint" (a Rim Worlds tale) mixes Psi and Mystery and Menace and Love-Across-the-Ages pretty well, but blurs a bit at the edges, to me.

Harlan Ellison and Joe L Hensley have a nice piece in here: "Visionary", in which we have a look at the proposition (again) that there is a lot more to the human race than generally appears, but it's going to take some digging...

The conclusion of Doc Smith's "The Galaxy Primes" reads better than did parts I & II, which hints that the fragmentary delineation I've been bitching about is quite possibly the result of heavy editing. A lot of stuff shapes up here in Part 3, indicating that while this probably isn't the all-time Best of EESmith, it might pay to wait for a book-edition before making with the heavy criticism too much...

Nebula #37 (Apr): Mostly, as you know by now, this zine has it for me. Not so much, though, with Rob't Presslie's "Pariah", a SatEvePostish bit on a guy who gets super-irradiated in planting a small bomb in an Atomic Development Station, and then Menaces a Station-employee's family with his sheer radioactivity, all-unknowing, for most of the tale. This resort to Formula is a letdown.

"The Truth" (E R James) is a tough-situation piece with a neat grim touch that kingpins the tale. First time I've seen this particular gimmick used, too; oh, it might be said to derive from an early Bestertale, in part, but the use is original.

Bob Silverberg's "House Divided" deals with Earthmen, natives, and minority of dissident natives getting poor deal (oops, it's not a "minority" piece as such). The development and conclusions are unexpected and the sort of thing I like.

"Infiltration" (Mark Patrick) is tricky; most of the way, it looks like the most routine robots'-revolt imaginable, but luckily this is not the true picture...

John Kippax, this time, has "Thy Rod and Thy Staff". The gimmick, that it doesn't always pay to hold the drop on the alien natives, has been done a time or two before, but Kippax does a nice job on it, too.

"The Lords of Creation", by Philip High, is the Long Bit, here: based on an inexplicable wild variation in physical laws and the effects on us (variable gravity and etc), this story predicates a no-questions dictatorship to keep us from asking ourselves stupid questions about these weird things (I guess), and the usual rebel being vanVogted out of the suppressed culture, with his head held underneath his arm, and all. There is an Overall Punchline, though not so new as might be.

Forrest J Ackerman is a nice guy, but Monster Movies thrill me not at all.

Walt Willis' "Panorama" column this time is a Willis Factual Article dealing with James White, Impeccable Dirty Pro-- oh, I just plain love these deals of Walt's.

Nebula subs are \$4/yr (monthly) from Peter Hamilton, 159 Crownpoint Road, Glasgow S E, Scotland. That's my second listing of the address, and all for awhile.

TAFF moneys (att'n Con-bidding Pittsburgh group, who sent their donation to me) go to Bob Madle, 3608 Caroline Ave, Indianapolis 18, Indiana. T Carr for TAFF, like.

((another day, another page, such as ==7==))

Addendum on Nebula: ATom is spreading out, here, with three interior illoos besides a cartoon and the bacover. Hope enough faans are seeing Nebula that ATom picks up a goodly number of Hugo nominations, on these ballots we and many others have circulated. Sent yours in yet, by the way?

And Nebula promises the Bob Madle column for next time (#38) rather than #39.

Add Faanish Curses: "May your very favorite prozine be edited by damon knight!" No adverse reflection on the talents of dk, of course-- it's only that dk-edited zines go 3 issues and are then folded; the distributors, 'tis said, had the blood of Worlds Beyond, while general trends did for IF (which now, coming finally to the point of this paragraph, reappears Under New Management).

Edited by H L Gold and with Fred Pohl as Feature Editor, If switches to the odd-numbered months and will alternate with Galaxy. This July 1959 issue (the last was Feb) continues the If layout rather than changing to a Galaxy format-- a wise move in retaining individuality for the two zines rather than going for the interchangeability of SS/TWS or AS/FA of past years.

The Feb-ish was Vol.9, No.2; this new one is Vol.8, No.6; any more questions?

I suppose that this and the next couple of issues will contain a mixture of the purchases of Quinn and knight, as well as Gold's; it will take a while for the zine to reflect fully the results of the latest change of editors. We'll see...

"Growing Season", an FLWallace novelet, is another good Wallace fast-action & suspense tale with a typical kicker to raise it above the level of the straight-Action variety; Wallace never ends with a simple "We won", thank heavens.

Rosel George Brown's "Car Pool" brings the feminine view(s) of encountered aliens to a down-to-earth focus against a togetherness-saturated background. This gal does a fine job on people, warm or biting as the occasion demands. (Novelet.)

Philip Dick's novelet, "Recall Mechanism", is a shocker with definite leanings toward the Padgett Touch-- phobia, foreboding, etc. The last page, however, is an attempt at a crowning wry touch which doesn't quite come off. Better the author had closed with one masterful sentence when the votes were all in. Far better.

Six shorts, ranging from Avram Davidson's craftsmanlike "The Ogre", through: "Never In A Thousand Years" (Wynne Whiteford, Sharpie-outSharped by body-swap)-- "Sitting Duck" (Dan Galouye's duck-shooting farm, and we're the ducks)-- "Mutineer" (Rob't J Shea, with the poor man's "Gunner Cade")-- and "A Life and a Half" (Paul Flohr, with a very thin bit of future nostalgia)-- to Jim Harmon's "Baker's Dozens", a Schoenfeld-like whimsey on the "No, in reality, I am the Masked Marvel" vein. Botcha the 4 in the middle are Quinn leftovers, but the 3 novelets plus Davidson and Harmon make this a worthwhile issue.

Looks from here as if the theme of the new serial in Astounding is exactly the same as that of the last one. The characterization, setting, and action are quite different, though: Gordon Dickson's "Dorsai!" is not the comedy of errors that Leinster's "Pirates of Ersatz" was, for one thing. But in both cases we have The Young Man Who Has A Little More On The Ball, adrift in the big, big galaxy. Donal Graeme is of a planet of Mercenary Soldiers, and he is Different. The Difference could simply be laid to superior intelligence, but it consists (so far) of better observation and perception of relationships, and a logical faculty verging on the intuitive, coupled with a high personal Drive. Not too divergent from Leinster's protagonist, though perhaps spelled-out in more detail for so early in the piece. Well, the theme is certainly not an easily-exhausted one, having been deservedly popular for some centuries, and I expect to enjoy "Dorsai!" as I did "Pirates..".

Novelets: David Gordon's "Cum Grano Salis" is a well-done problem piece along the lines of the Doc Winter medicopuzzles, but the content is a bit slight for the length, and the solution too simple after we were led to expect complexity.

"Operation Haystack" (Frank Herbert) is fine on the hunt for a centuries-old subversive underground movement and its solution, but carries all the hybrid vigor of Yellow Bantam when it comes up with the romantic angle, unfortunately.

((OOPS-- cover on If is by Johnnie Pederson, who has appeared on Outsiders))

((and here we are, Astoundingly, on page ==8==))

"Hex", by Larry Harris, has a fascinating gimmick, a Dear Kindly Social Worker (gee, Officer Krupke!) with more psi than judgment. The foreboding-type ending is a little too New Yorkerishly open-ended for my taste, yet not in a fashion that would take smoothly to a sequel. Unrealized Potential is my sad chorus, here.

Shorts: Roger Kuykendall's "We Didn't Do Anything Wrong, Hardly" is light fare concerning kids who build a spaceship that works, and is mostly enjoyable for the adroit way the author keeps his narrator strictly in-character.

George O Smith can't make up his mind whether to clown it up or play it straight in "History Repeats", a title-clued item that proves that People Are Better (this time) because of teaming-up with dogs (a la Simak, somewhat). Out of practice, Geo?

Philip Latham's "Disturbing Sun" is a pretty-nothing piece in interview form, to the effect that Evil In Man is the result of solar activity. Maybe true, though.

Sky Miller's excellent reviews, a sercon "Brass Tacks", and JWCjr's pitch that psi isn't for lotus-eaters but prob'ly more work than Work is, round out an issue that was nearly 100% enjoyed here at first reading, nit-picking to the contrary.

Two zines barely made it in under the wire, while Satellite (June) has not yet shown, here. So, New Worlds (Apr): Part 2 of Maine's "Count-Down" conserves four of the original characters for the Conclusion; Chas killed 3 in Part 1 but only one this time, having started with eight and perhaps regretting his earlier prodigality. We have hints that the members of this island-isolated research team are killing each other under Mind Influence from the Alien Artifact, but bedamnt if I can see where any really choice windup can arise in this tale. Maine seems to have written himself into a corner from which only a real masterpiece of illogic can possibly extricate him. But then, that's one of his strong points...

Colin Kapp's lead novelet, "Survival Problem" is also an all-out suspense-piece, which strikes me as overbalancing the issue in that direction. This appears to be the sequel to at least one previous story, and (to me) suffers from being read "cold" by itself. Some interesting background hints and skeletal characterization, which probably also depends on having seen the earlier piece, for best effect.

Three shorts: Alan Barclay's "The Silver Moons" is a Lure-of-far-worlds bit which apparently is much less routine for the author than to this hardened reader. Brian Aldiss' "The Other One" is a Mind-Worlds suspense job; well done, but what was I saying about Editorial Balance? Robert Presslie's "Confession is Good" is a cross between "I, Robot" and "Born of Man and Woman", a rather remarkable heritage when you stop to think of it. Like, Poor Frankenstein... Good enough issue as far as quality of individual items, mostly, but the Maine serial would make it advisable to go easier on Taut Suspense in the other selections, I'd say. And have.

F & S F, June, showed up in yesterday's mail with little regard to our publishing schedule, but that's the breaks. James Blish has a "novelet" entitled "This Earth of Hours" which is just a bit too obviously the first section of a projected book. Goes along quite interestingly, but with the background insufficiently laid out for a complete story, and chops off so abruptly that one feels there must have been a "cont'd next month" intended. No point in synopsisizing this plot-fragment. Oh yeh: Blish is using fan-names again, a little-- but by his own system, he goofs: it should have been Bar-Rob 4-Brown, I believe, rather than Bar-Rob 4-Agberg.

Kindly old Doctor Asimov (the Sane Scientist) hypothesizes keenly as to what it would be like to live on a planet in the Centauri system (two suns, and all), & comes up with a truly croggling tie-in to Greek mythology.

I think Phil Farmer feels that a story should never end, but should just go on and on... I hope that someday he gets to write and publish the lengthy piece that appears to be his true forte. In "The Alley Man", Farmer does a fascinating thing concerning a hulking junkman convinced that he is the last remaining fullblooded "RealFolker" (Neanderthal), complete with a History and enough differences in outlook and physique to lend credence to his claims. This is a Real Ripe One, about as earthy as you can get in a family magazine; Farmer likes to get right down to the guts of things, and so does his Old Man Paley. But Farmer has a hard time ending a

tale like this, that he's enjoying writing and is well dug-into; he really has to nail it down and walk away leaving a lot of things unexplored. Or so it seems.

Kenn Rolf's "Satellite Trails" is a short diagrammed article showing how the "orbits" of a satellite can look quite different from a point on Earth than when viewed from space. Having had some discussions on these things down at the office a few months ago, I enjoyed seeing some of these variations spelled out.

And six shorter stories: Lee Sutton's "Soul Mate" squanders the piquant theme of a "wide-open two-way" (involuntary) on another one of those "He Doomed Himself" endings, although admittedly it's an original variation.

"About Venus, More or Less" (Claud Cockburn) is a Punch reprint, and fun.

Josef Berger's "Maybe We Got Something" was, according to the blurb, written 23 years ago. Today, it seems too fragmentary for the Field-- more mainstream.

"The Hero Equation", by Robert Arthur, reprinted from a 1941 pulp, is sort of a literate version of Pete Manx.

Chas Finney's "The Towan's Curse" is a hex-variant and not my stick of pot.

"Production Problem", by Rob't F Young, is a vignette that leads me to admire this writer; others have padded less theme into novelets. Sharp, too.

Except for undue catering to Blish's recently-developed fetish for multiple-usage of every word he writes (he's been padding-up his old novelets to booklength, and now he foists a book-fragment off as a novelet), this is mostly a good issue.

I would gladly speak to you at greater length concerning all sorts of trivia, but the editors need some space in which to promote Good Causes. ---R.P.

HAVE YOU JOINED THE DETENTION YET? "Detroit Is Fine In '59", but our ever-lovin' Con Committee needs to see a lot more of those good old advance-memberships come poppin' in. Don't wait around and figure on paying your two bucks if and when you get there, because that makes a hardship on the Committee, who have to cough up for quite a number of things (like maybe \$400 for the Hugo Awards) right about now. Your checks for \$2 (made out to James Broderick, and addressed to 12011 Kilbourne Street, Detroit 13, Michigan) will do a lot of good right now; why not write that check and address that envelope and lick that stamp ~~and to the point that's~~ (oops, sorry, I got carried away, there) and get the two bucks in the mail and feel much better about the whole thing? You'll be helping the Convention get off the ground; you'll get on the Mailing List for the Progress Reports and Convention Program Book; and you'll be able to read these appeals with a smug feeling of righteousness and good cheer instead of with your conscience nagging you as it is at this moment. OK??

FIRST FANDOM IS NOT DEAD! In fact, First Fandom, a recently-organized group with founders and officers and everything, is canvassing for legitimate bonafide members. Anyone who: "participated in conventions; corresponded; collected; published; wrote for, or subscribed to a fanzine; belonged to a local or national fan club, etc" prior to Jan 1, 1938, is urged to get in touch with Don Ford, Box 19-T, RR#2, Loveland, Ohio, with a view to membership in First Fandom (founders are Bob Madle, Don Ford, Lynn Hickman, C L Barrett, MD, Dale Tarr, and Lou Tabakow).

First Fandom is a fun-slanted organization which will attempt to bring as many old-timers as possible back to both the conventions and the publishing field. Dues will be \$1 per year, which will finance a club bulletin including an up-to-date roster to allow members to get back in touch with old friends, many of whom have never left the field. ((This is condensed from a better-written page sent us by Lynn Hickman. Apologies, Lynn, for not being able to spare a full page just now.))

F TOWNER LANEY is "The Stormy Petrel" referred to by that title as used by Terry Carr for a oneshot zine to be distributed in FAPA. Some copies of this 30-page (approx) zine are available for 25¢: WRotsler cover, TCarr introduction, and articles on FTLaney by Charles Burbee, Robert Bloch, Harry Warner, and Jack Speer. Like, get it. ((Also, firsthand rumor is that Ron Ellik will produce the Second Printing of "The Incomplete Burbee" shortly. This one, of course, is a must...))

FANDOM DENIED

JOHN BERRY

A S o p s T a b l e # 3

The two BNF's sat on high stools at the bar of the CONTINENTAL night club. In front of each was a glass of brandy. The fair-haired one opened a packet of Camels and offered it.

"Thanks, Jim," said the other, tapping the end of the cigarette and pushing it pensively between his lips. "It can be done, you know."

"I'm equally certain that it is impossible," Jim replied, holding the wide-bowled brandy glass in his left hand and swirling the contents round gently, "in fact, I'd put cold hard cash on the deal. You see, the way I see it, although it would undoubtedly be possible to instill a considerable amount of specialized knowledge into the mind of the individual, there is a common denominator of something extra special which us BNF's have and which is essential for the status. I mean, you can have a fan of high intelligence and clever writing technique, and maybe all the practical equipment and money to launch a first class fanzine, but what happens if the fan hasn't got that extra something which stamps us BNF's out in a crowd. Look at Robertson's STRIKE ONE. Now that was a good fanzine....he had BJO as staff artist, and even persuaded Leman to write for him....and yet, notwithstanding the fact that he had professional technicolour front covers, he only came ninth in the last FANAC ballot. Then look at Broderick. His fanzine FLIPPIT is stuck together any old way, he ghost writes a lot of his stuff, and isn't too particular about his illos. Right enough he had that Bosh serial, but overall, one couldn't really say the contents were up to BNF standard....and by his own admission, his circulation isn't one hundred. Yet he comes second in the poll, after PROFANITY, and the common rabble of fans follow him about everywhere, asking for his autograph and asking, even pleading with him to make one of his witty remarks. That man is a BNF, because he has what it takes, that undefinable something. Yet Robertson, with everything in his favour, is just another fanned. I tell you, it cannot be done, Frank."

Frank allowed smoke to trickle from his nostrils.

"I beg to differ, Jim, but I've given the subject a great deal of thought this last week. I say not only that it can be done, but I'm going to do it. Shall we say for a hundred dollar side bet, and whoever wins pays the others SAPS dues for the next ten years?"

They clasped hands to seal the wager.

"Now we come to that practical side of it," said Jim. "How do we choose the subject? How much time do you want to experiment? When are you going to put him to the test? And...?"

Frank drained his glass, and licked his lips.

"The Oroville Convention starts next week, doesn't it? I suggest that we both go to it. You can select the specimen for me...and make it as hopeless as you like. Say a neo who's had material rejected by Gerber and who swears by Silverberg, and whose last issue drove Pemberton to using that MANA word. Point that neo out to me, and I guarantee that in a year I'll make him a BNF."

Jim looked at his reflection in the bar mirror opposite. He smiled inscrutably.

.....

The 1964 World Convention at Oroville was famous (or notorious) for several reasons. Metzger had gone to considerable expense to put the place on the map, as it were, and introduced several novel ideas for the TAFF ballot, one of which, a Pyjama Party in GM Carr's hotel bedroom, brought out the Texas Rangers. That's history, anyway. From the point of view of this narrative, one incident above all the others stands out alone.

The two BNF's, Jim Brussle and Frank Klyburn, met at the bar (they always seemed to meet at bars) of the Conhotel on the evening of the third day of the Convention.

"I hope you haven't forgotten our wager?" said Jim. "You said you could turn out a BNF in one year from now, and I supply the raw material?"

Frank smiled, leaned over to his left, autographed a menu card for Arv Underman, and turned to face Brussle.

"I suggest we go out into the convention hall, and you can select the rawest neo of the

whole bunch, and in twelve months, at the next SAPSCon in fact, I'll have him regarded in the same category as Terwilliger."

"I've already chosen someone," grinned Brussle. "Shall we go?"

They left the high stool, and Klyburn motioned to Underman to pay the barman.

The Fancy Dress Parade was in full swing in the hall. Most of the crowd were applauding BJO, where she was seated on a rostrum dressed (or undressed) as Venus (not the planet, the Grecian statue).

The two BNF's paused just to let it be known that they too favoured BJO for first prize, and then Brussle led the way through the milling throng (which opened respectfully to let them pass) to the far end of the hall, where several fans were sprawled about, most of them drunk.

One individual alone provided the magnet for Brussle.

"That's him," he whispered to Frank out of the corner of his mouth, "the one with the clean white shirt and pimply face, clutching the Captain Marvel comic."

Klyburn gasped, and sank to the nearest chair.

"Oh Jeeze, Jim," he said, and his voice was rather hoarse, "I hoped you'd never spot that. Oh well, a wager is a wager, and it'll provide good material for a chapter in my memoirs. What's his name?"

"Fletcher Sneethorpe," Brussle told him, "aged seventeen....too young for a BNF anyway.... and he comes from Council Bluffs, Iowa. Good luck, bhoys. See you next year....and...er, may as well send that SAPS money now."

.....
Klyburn went over and sat down by the boy.

"I'm Klyburn," he said casually, but allowing a subtle pause to creep in before continuing. "You been a fan long?"

"N-no sir," said the boy. "I wonder, I wonder would you autograph my Franson Manuscript for me...and could I please sub to your fanzine CARBUNKLE?...and do you mind if I....?"

"Plenty of time," smiled Klyburn. "Tell me, kid, have you ever had anything published yetor started your own fanzine?"

"No sir," the boy said. His voice oozed with respect.

"You've written nothing?"

"Well, I did decide to start my own fanzine when I get back home. I was going to call it THE BURST OF THE SUPER NOVAE."

Klyburn gulped visibly, and turned white. He undid two more shirt buttons, and shook his head.

"That won't do, kid," he gasped. He said that twice, because the first time it was incoherent.

"Look, Fletcher, that's your name, isn't it? Look, I've got a great name for a fanzine, and I've been keeping it for myself, but I'll give it to you. Call your fanzine PLAUDIT."

The neofan looked at the BNF with big eyes.

"Plaudit," he whispered, and a newly found realization came into his eyes. "PLAUDIT," he repeated more loudly. "That's a wonderful name for a fanzine."

"And it's yours, son," said Klyburn. A new light was in his eyes too. "Have you got a duplicator?"

"No sir, I haven't enough money. I think maybe I can get the use of one, but..."

"Do that," said Klyburn. "Tell me, how would you like Terry Carr to write a ConReport for you, and BJO Wells illustrate it?"

The neofan clasped and unclasped his hands as if they were damp with sweat.

"But that's impossible," he said quietly. "Mr. Carr is just about the biggest BNF here... not so Big Name as you, sir, but Big just the same. He wouldn't write a Con Report for me."

"Maybe I could fix it," hinted Klyburn. "I think I could fix it alright if I wanted to. You see, you've got to use your initiative in fandom. You've got to be prepared to take chances. For instance, if you worked hard enough, and put enough into the hobby, why, I guess you could be a BNF yourself in about a year."

"Oh, that's impossible. Why, it took Busby....."

"It can be done, Fletch, if you'd let me help you. Now then, for this first issue of PLAUDIT, we'll get an Adkins cover, Carr and Bjo for the report, definately Leman...I think he could be persuaded to write six or eight pages, maybe his five hundredth article just for PLAUDIT....reviews by Pemberton...oh, he'll do it alright, trust me. And I think we could

also....."

.....

Klyburn spent, on his own admission, one hundred and eighty dollars and fifty five cents on stamps alone for his letters to the neofan. He wrote almost every day, and some of his letters were ten pages long. He described in great detail all the numerous facets of BNFism...the selective art of the shrewd faned...the tactful way to return an unwanted manuscript...how to adroitly get round the PRINTED MATTER rates...potted histories and biographies of the current BNF's...in fact, in a few short months, Klyburn, simply by the written word, tried to convey to the neofan all the skills and techniques and lessons he had learned during nine years of active fanac. Also, with Klyburn at his behest (via the Post Office) Fletcher Sneethorpe put out seven fabulous issues of PLAUDIT in ten months. Klyburn persuaded all the big names to write for the fanzine, and Klyburn himself wrote all the material supposedly created by Sneethorpe. Klyburn, although not in the top notch of fan writers, specialized in subtle fan fiction, and he worked harder than he had ever worked before to write brilliantly. Where normally he bashed out a story straight on to the paper, he wrote and rewrote the material published under the neo's name, rewrote it in one case six times, so that it represented the maximum talent he had, a thing which he had never done with his own material. The name 'Fletcher Sneethorpe' gained prominence in a few months, and Klyburn, working behind the scene, was not slow to comment on other fanzines (a thing he normally rarely did) and whilst expressing regard for the standard of the fanzines, hinted that with Sneethorpe amongst the contributors, it would be one hundred percent. The natural result was that masses of requests for material flowed to the Council Bluffs address, and under Klyburn's guiding hand, Sneethorpe sent material here and there, material, of course, written for him by Klyburn. The lucky faneds were carefully selected for reliability, so that, as they published more or less to schedule, Fletcher Sneethorpe was always topical.

Sneethorpe, it must be admitted, was rather bewildered at all the help he was getting from Klyburn. However, as more and more mail and fanzines and requests for material began to arrive at his house, he deluded himself with the thought that, although Klyburn was the guiding force, he, Sneethorpe, must have something, some latent talent which, together with Klyburn's help, was turning him, at remarkable speed, into the biggest BNF that fandom had ever known. Secretly, without Klyburn's knowledge, he wrote a story by himself, "The Demon of Betelgeuse" he called it, and it was meant to be sercon, and it abounded with space ships and beautiful girls and positron pistols and horrible green insects. He sent it to HYPHEN, and it was duly published. Willis termed it the greatest science fiction satire he had ever read, and commented favourably on the cunning way Sneethorpe had used bad grammar and ridiculous situations, to demonstrate so cleverly what the average neofan wrote at his first attempt. Sneethorpe, though slightly hurt that Willis had misunderstood his intentions, realized that, yet again, it demonstrated that he undoubtedly had talent.

A month before the SAPSCon at Seattle, Klyburn flew over to see Sneethorpe. He was amazed at the change in the neofan since the day he had said 'goodbye' to him several months ago. He looked very confident, and he spoke of BNF's as if he was on the same level with them. "Had to tell Bloch I thought he was good on TV," he told Klyburn, and "Tucker had better take my advice and alter the ending of that ASTOUNDING serial before the film is made of it." Klyburn, delighted at the metamorphosis, supplied the final polish. He taught Sneethorpe the BNF walk....the cunning suggestion of a swagger, the slight sneer always on tap for the exuberant neofan...the slight tilt of the nose if someone made a rather feeble remark...the raise of the eyebrows and the condescending stare when asked for an autograph...the slight shake of the head when asked for material....all these things Klyburn taught his willing subject, and Klyburn returned home, satisfied that although he had spent considerable time and money on the challenge, he had created a BNF in less than a year, and, he laughed to himself, it would make a great oneshot...fandom would have to acknowledge that it beat the Carl Brandon and Joan Carr hoaxes.

The one regret Klyburn had about the whole affair was that he didn't have time to get Sneethorpe in one of the apas. He knew he could have easily circumvented the long waiting lists, but; he regretfully concluded, he was indirectly pubbing seven of the greatest fanzines ever known, and it was just too much for him to mould Sneethorpe into an apa bastion at the same time. It would have been nice, though....

.....

Although the convention at Seattle was a SAPS effort, the SAPS organization had so increased in stature during the preceding few years that the convention was the Mecca of American Fandom...

especially when word got round that the new sensation, Fletcher Sneethorpe, was to be guest of honor.

The hall at Seattle was always filled to capacity, and an awestruck crowd followed Sneethorpe everywhere. The concentrated training of Klyburn hadn't been wasted. At the dinner on the third day, he made a wonderful speech (which he had learned word by word, and which had been written by Klyburn) and received a fantastic reception.

Undoubtedly the most brilliant part of Klyburn's ploy was his skill in making it seem that Sneethorpe had a magnificent spontaneous wit.

Klyburn sidled up to a neofan, and offered to write him an article if the neofan would go up to Sneethorpe when he was surrounded by an adulating mob, and say exactly what Klyburn wanted him to say. Then Klyburn briefed Sneethorpe, he told him that when such and such a remark was passed, he was to say as directed. One superb example of this was when a young neofan went up to Sneethorpe at lunch one day and said, pointing to a Tampa fan, "That fan has put out nine issues of PROFANITY in a year." Another neofan, similarly primed by Klyburn added, "He works like a beaver hunter," and quick as a flash Sneethorpe snapped, "Let's hope no one gets his pelts." Three fans had hysterics at the brilliance of this repartee, and in fact, on more than one occasion, with the same planning, Sneethorpe received an ovation for what the onlookers thought was spontaniety.

The SAPSCon, a great success so far for both SAPS and Sneethorpe, had one day to go before its conclusion.

.....
On the evening of the last day at the Con, the BNF Panel was held. The arbitrator, Larry Stone, announced that the team members were billed as Guy Terwilliger, Bob Bloch, Don Durward, and Boyd Raeburn.

"Unfortunately," he announced, "Bob Bloch has had to fly back to Weyauwega for a conference, but by a stroke of good fortune we happen to have the new sensation Fletcher Sneethorpe with us, and I'm sure if you gave him a big hand, he would condescend to come up on the stage and make up the foursome."

Sneethorpe stood up. He bowed to acknowledge the applause, and strode proudly to take his place at the long table.

Stone sorted out some papers before him, and said: "The first question I have to put to the panel is motioned by BNF Frank Klyburn, and it is this, 'Does the panel think that in fifty years time there will be any fundamental change in the appearance and contents of fanzines?'"

Klyburn was seen to sink back on his chair with a grin of triumph on his face.

Stone looked at the panel, and said: "Fans, such a question is definitely very difficult to answer on a spontaneous quiz like this. It needs a great deal of thought and imagination to bring one's mind so many years hence and yet still give a balanced perspective. It seems that none of the panel...oh, wait a minute, Fletch has his hand up. Would you like to answer the question, Fletch?"

Sneethorpe spoke for twenty minutes, and it spoke volumes for his retentive memory, as Klyburn had only given him the notes the night before. In fact, although this is incidental to the story, Klyburn also sent the telegram which took Bloch away.

"...and so," Sneethorpe concluded, "all the things I've mentioned and gone into detail about...third dimension illustrations...self-stamped pages for tearing out and commenting on the fanzine and posting immediately...sub-back guarantee if not satisfied...individual personal signatures at the conclusion of each item...egoboo graphs...current BNF ratings...all these things will, I feel sure, be common features of fanzines in fifty years from now. It is my eternal regret that I did not have notice of the question. I'm sure my answer would have been much more illuminating."

The barrage of applause was incredible. One had to admit that, on the face of it, it was a magnificent appraisal of the possibilities of twenty first century fandom, and the fact that the answer was, supposedly, spontaneous, brought out the fact for all to see that here, at last, was a really exciting fannish mind, a BNF in every category, and a genius to boot...with, after all, only one year in fandom. Klyburn expressed those very sentiments to three rows of listeners on either side of him.

When the applause had died down, Stone read out the next question. "Would each member of the panel give his opinions of these famous fanzines of yore...OOPSLA...SLANT...STAR ROCKETS and QUANDRY. Guy, you can talk to us about OOPSLA first of all."

Terwilliger, Durward, and Raeburn spoke for a few moments on their subjects, and Stone said: "And now, what could be more appropriate than this sensational fan, Fletcher Sneethorpe, giving

us his considered opinion of that old but equally sensational SLANT."

Sneethorpe got to his feet amidst generous applause, and faced his audience.

He didn't speak. He turned white, and his eyes could be seen darting furtively along the rows of faces, as if searching....

"Um, Fletch, what do you think of SLANT?" urged Larry Stone.

He didn't answer. His perusal of the faces became more frenzied, and at last he spotted Klyburn, whose face was red. Brussle, sitting next to Klyburn, began to grin.

"Jeeze, and I've already made out the cheques," he said softly.

"Fletcher," said Stone quietly. "Your many fans are waiting to hear you say what you..." Sneethorpe winced.

"I've never heard of SLANT," he confessed.

The sharp intake of breath from the audience was loud and unbelieving.

"Of course, fans," spluttered Stone, "this boy has only been with us in fandom for a year, and it's conceivable that he hasn't heard of SLANT...."

There was a murmur from the audience, but Stone grabbed the microphone and called out:

"Here is a really difficult question, and I'm sure Fletcher will make up for his lapse with a typically brilliant answer. Fletch, it has been stated that there is a tendency to natter too much in the apas and one authority worked out that, on the average, sixty two percent of the four organizations, OMPA, SAPS, BANANA and FAPA, was taken up with comments on previous mailing comments. Do you consider this to be a good or bad thing, is it detrimental to the policy, and is there a possibility that such a scourge, if such it be, will spread to the general fanzines?"

Sneethorpe stood up again, and looked appealingly at Klyburn, who sank further and further down into his seat.

"What is an apa?" Sneethorpe asked Stone, with tears in his eyes.

Brussle let out a laugh that one or two members of the audience echoed.

"Who is Ron Bennett?" someone shouted.

Stone turned to Fletch with a strange look in his eye. "Just who is Ron Bennett?" he asked.

Sneethorpe shook his head. "I've never heard of him," he confessed. Traces of sweat could be seen spreading under the armpits of his clean white shirt.

"Who is Larry Shaw?" a fan shouted.

"Who is Archie Mercer...who is Dean Grennell...who published QUIXOTIC...what does TAFF stand for..." individual members of the audience began to shout similar questions, and Sneethorpe, looking downwards, shook his head, then began to shake it more vigorously.

"Hell, what are you trying to pull," frowned Brussle to Klyburn. "A joke is a joke, but what the hell have you been doing with him the past year...he's never heard of TAFF or Bennett or SLANT or..." he clicked his fingers meaningfully, "give...give...and think yourself lucky if I don't expose you. Turn out a BNF in a year, you said, a BNF it transpires, who doesn't know what an apa zine is, and...."

"Watch," warned Klyburn. The audience ceased shouting derisive remarks, and quieted down as Sneethorpe took a pace forward.

"I....I..." he stammered.

He looked appealingly at the audience, and was met with open sneers, and, in several cases, fans waved their hands forward, intimating that he....

Sneethorpe looked up to the ceiling...he clenched and unclenched his hands, and he walked slowly across the stage, down the steps and on to the center aisle. His eyes looked straight to the front...to the exit doors a couple hundred feet away. He ignored the sneers and the titters and the remarks. His slow steady steps caused some factions of the audience to chant in time with his steps...who is DAG...who pubs SLANT...go to hell...

Still his eyes didn't waver from the two doors. He pushed against them when he came to them, and they swung two or three times, as if adding their own parting jibe.

"Christ, let's go after him," swore Brussle, and he and Klyburn ran up the aisle, through the swinging doors, along the corridor, through the gateway and into the fresh air.

They fought their way into the swelling crowd which began to gether on the other side of the street.....

John Berry

1959

((You may remember Theodore Sturgeon's "Books--On Hand, Offhand" column in Venture. I was very fond of the format, since it was very concise, clear and complete, while leaving plenty of room for good wisecracks. I will use Mr. Sturgeon's format in this column from now on unless you don't like it or he sues me.))

"Br-r-r!" edited by Groff Conklin, 192pp., Avon Books, 35¢

COMMENTS: With big print, the book beginning on page 11, and six or seven previously reprinted stories, this is no bargain. However, the stories, while not very chilling, are generally good, and BUY IT----for "Legal Rights" by Asimov and Pohl, which is not at all frightening but is very funny.

"The Rest Must Die" by Richard Foster, 176pp., Gold Medal, 35¢.

COMMENTS: This is a fine example of how a publisher can ruin a good book. This would be an above average after-the-bombing novel despite the happy ending if Gold Medal didn't feel it necessary to have at least one or two sex scenes in every book.

BUY IT---if you can blot the crude and out-of-place sex out of your mind.

"Wasp" by Eric Frank Russell, 170pp., Perma Books, 35¢.

COMMENTS: Hard cover reviewers didn't seem to like this too much. I did.

BUY IT---for a rousing good time, similar to "The Space Willies." The best adventure book of the month!

"Doomsday Morning" by C.L. Moore, 222pp., Avon Books, 35¢.

COMMENTS: This one has it all--rousing adventure, a fine background, vivid characters, and all the other stock praises, plus a fascinating background of travel with an acting troupe.

BUY IT---or borrow it, or steal it, but get it!

"Not In Solitude" by Kenneth F. Grants, 240pp., Doubleday, \$3.50.

COMMENTS: Another first voyage to Mars with intelligent Martians, but these at least seem plausible. The characters are well drawn, the plot will do until someone thinks up a better one, and the background is expertly authentic. But the book is unbearably padded, and at one point, you'll go half mad to find out what is going on while the author refuses to tell you until he feels like it.

BUY IT---for 35¢, but not for \$3.50.

"The Seedling Stars" by James Blish, 158pp., Avon Books, 35¢.

COMMENTS: Four of Blish's pantropy yarns as a "novel". "Surface Tension" is the best of the lot, but the others aren't bad.

BUY IT---if you like science-fiction.

"Off the Beaten Orbit" edited by Judith Merrill, 192pp., Pyramid Books, 35¢.

COMMENTS: This is a reprint of the paperback original "Galaxy of Ghouls". If you missed it then, BUY IT---for a weird time, but a good time.

"The People Makers" by Damon Knight, 158pp., Zenith Books, 35¢.

COMMENTS: This is built around the story "A for anything" from F&SF, which I disliked as much as any story I've ever read.

BUY IT---if you have guts, and tell me what you think of it. I don't have the nerve to read it.

"Plague Ship" and "Voodoo Planet" by Andrew North, 178 + 78pp., Ace Books, 35¢.

COMMENTS: Two novels continuing the story of the Solar Queen are packaged back-to-back. "Plague Ship" is much the better--"Voodoo Planet" suffers from too many restrictions ("We've got to write a story just so long about just these characters in just this much time.").

BUY IT---if you like Andre Norton.

"The Third Level" by Jack Finney, 192pp., Dell, 35¢.

COMMENTS: Almost pure froth--good froth, but still froth.

BUY IT---if you like froth. If you like the soda, think twice.

CRYING OVER BENT STAPLES

By Rich Brown and Bob Lichtman

Part I (by Rich Brown)

A whole slue of fmz came pouring through the slot this month; something like, on the average, one a day. Unfortunately, I haven't been able to write one letter a day, so no doubt many editors will feel gratified that they are not to receive any other comment than noted here, on their zines. Seriously, I know a little two-inch note is small reward for all the time and effort you have ~~used~~ spent on your fanzines, and I'm sorry that I couldn't write you all a letter, at least. But please keep sending me your fmz, and maybe, in a few months, I'll be in a better position -- for now, in most cases, I'm afraid this will have to suffice.

Well, into the reviews --

THE DIRECTORY OF 1958 SF FANDOM, Ron Bennett, 7 Southway, Arthurs Ave., Harrogate, England, no price listed, 14pp, mimeo.

This is distributed through OMPA and FAPA, so the best bet, if you want this and aren't a member of either, is to send \$1 to Ron, let him deduct his price for this, and use the rest for a sub to PLOY. This is a listing of names & addresses of nearly 500 fen; interesting to potential faneds in need of a mailing list, fans wanting correspondence, or just plain nosy fans who want to see if they're listed. No rating.

FANZINE INDEX #4, Bob Pavlat, 6001 43rd Ave., Hyattsville, Md. Schedule (?), 25¢, 28pp, mimeo.

This, too, is distributed through OMPA and FAPA, and is, as it says, an index of fanzines (up to 1952); all issues except #2 are available, the editor says, at the above price. Of interest to completists in the fanzine field, or to anyone having a use for a listing of fanzines. No rating.

TAPEBOOK, Bob Pavlat, address above, no schedule, no price listed, 20pp, mimeo.

You guessed it; distributed through OMPA and FAPA. This is, however, of interest to more fen than just those who make tapes; besides the many uses to them (those who make tapes, that is), there are several good (or maybe I mean "interesting") polls, most of which I didn't agree with. But interesting, and useful, nonetheless. No rating.

THE COLE FAX #2, Walt Cole, 307 Newkirk Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. Irreg., 15¢, mimeo, 16pp.

When I first got this, I prayed, "Please, no more WSFS stuff--" and my prayers were answered. Shows what being a FooFooist (unpd.advt.) can do for you. There isn't much I can say about this zine; it's thin, but what little material it has is interesting-- in particular an index to Silverberg's stories up to '58, and also a fairly good, off-trail story by him. Most of the other material is by the editor, and not really too bad. The reproduction is quite good. The next issue should be better. Rating: 4

DISJECTA MEMBRA #1, Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Dr., Baltimore 12, Md., "frequent", letter-of-comment, mimeo, 14pp.

Fandom has felt a crying need for a good letterzine for some time now; I tried, with CALIFAN, but lacked the necessary regularity. This has come out with a good start and if it gets the support it deserves, I will commend it as a Good Thing. Right now, with the exception of my argument with Ted White, it lacks only controversy; the reproduction is neat and easy to read, and the editor has already proven himself to be a regular publisher.

((Lichtman rated this '7')).

Rating: 5

MAMMON #2, Jim Moran, 208 Sladen St., Dracut, Mass. Irreg.(?), free, ditto, 27pp.

The change in reproduction methods hasn't hampered the readability of this a bit. Most of the good material this time is by Jim himself; the other stuff, in shades of good and bad, are all over-shadowed by Jim's laughable and enjoyable piece, "The Gizeh Expedition: A Report to the Sladen Hill Institute for Historical Studies." My only real complaint is that he, like so many others, reviews EQUATION and credits the damned thing to my editing--all I did was publish 8 pages of it. The only editorship I hold on the thing is purely honorary. Though I can see that maybe he couldn't read that part of it. Back to MAMMON: material is needed, badly. In spots, it seems to show it. But 'tis still an enjoyable zine, if only for Jim's fine stuff. Rating: 5

((Lichtman rated this '3', liked Moran's material)).

PAUCITY #3 & #4, Lar Stone, 1614 10th Ave., New Westminster, B.C., Canada. Irregular, 15¢, ditto, 40pp.

Most of the material (over 20pp of it) is by Larry--and therefore quite good. Satire, parody, various spoofs (correct me if I'm wrong, Mr. Leman), reviews, and like that. There's also a proposed plot for a stf movie, by Julian Reid, which isn't as funny as it is intended to be--being too close to the truth. And the letter column makes up most of the rest. As long as Larry can keep turning stuff like this out, PAUCITY will remain a good zine--and I kind of hope it's for, like, a long time. Rating: 7

((Lichtman rated this '4'--"humor of the MAD variety, only better".))

VAMPIRE #3, and last, Stony Barnes, Rt. 1, Box 1102, Grants Pass, Oregon. Probably unobtainable but 20¢, mimeo&ditto, 29pp.

This is the last VAMPIRE. It marks the complete gafiation of Stony Barnes. It has been a year and some months since Stony came down to visit me and I got him into this ~~happy~~ wonderful field of fan-pubbing. Though I felt that he wasn't himself in his writings and that he represented himself as something not as good as the real Stony Barnes, I am sorry to see him go. But I won't try to get him to come back. I got him hooked once, and if he can escape with a sane mind I congratulate him. Still, I hope he doesn't make it. Anyway, to VAMPIRE: there are a lot of good, full-sized illustrations, most of them by Dave Prosser, a very fine article by Joe Kennedy, a fairly good story by William J. Smith, and one of my earlier pieces which is not particularly good. Also a trader section, mostly of unwhants of Stony's. Rating: 5

((Lichtman rated this '2'.))

GAMBIT #30, Ted White, 2708 N. Charles St., Baltimore, Md., free, mimeo, 21pp.

This is the last large-sized GAMBIT--heck, you didn't really think Ted White was a publishing giant, did you? All kidding aside, this is the best GAMBIT I've seen to date. No silly pointless sentences or stupid, boring little vignettes in the editorial, a quite funny article by Ron Parker (who I have given up trying to get my \$5 back from, until I meet him some time), and even I, not the world's greatest jazz fan, found interest in White's "The New Sounds." And pages and pages of good letters. If there's anything I like, it's fmz with pages and pages of good letters. Rating: 7

((Lichtman rated this '4')).

VOID #14 & #15, Greg Benford and Ted White, 2708 N. Charles St., Baltimore, Md., Monthly, 25¢, mimeo, 20pp and 20pp.

14: the first of the monthly issues. It looks quite promising, and if not promising to be a focal point, at least to be quite an interesting zine. I had hopes that this would become, as stated, a faanish monthly, by the editorial, at least White's, takes for the same old middle-ground. Bah, say I. Still, the material is more of a faanish side, this issue, than not.

15: And this issue, more under the auspices of White than not, is much the same. There's the beginning of a fine, fannish piece by the late Kent Moomaw, a not-so-deserved blast at TWIG in The Wailing Wall by White, and a parody/satire/what-have-you of The

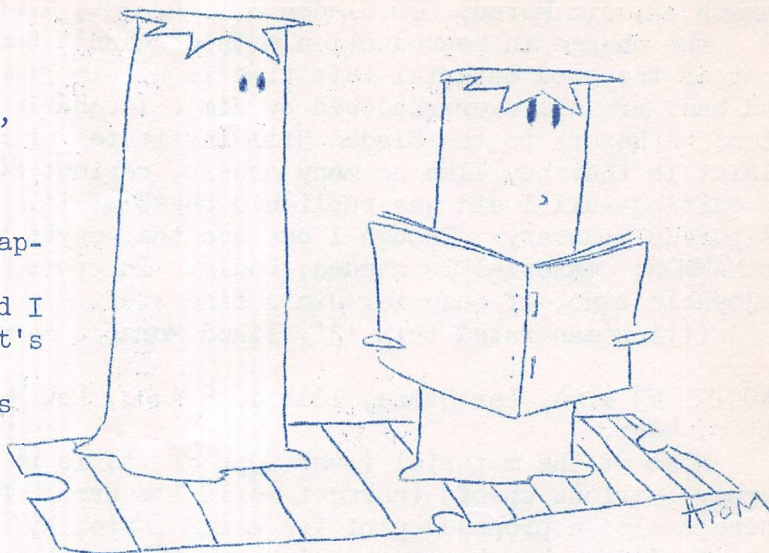
Canterbury Tales by Terry "Carl Brandon" Carr, plus letters.

Both issues--rating: 7
((Lichtman also rated this '7'))).

FLIP #1, Bill Rickhardt, c/o Ted White, address above, irregular, free, mimeo, 3pp.

There isn't much I can say for or against this zine; Bill is certainly capable of producing better reading than this. Most of this is on the WSFS, and I agree with about half of it. Still, it's run off, and probably laid out by Ted White. There's one thing about White's zines. It doesn't really matter what is in them; whether cool or crud, it doesn't really matter. You just sit and look at it, so nice & clear & laid-out so refreshingly. It doesn't really matter what's in them.

Rating: 3



MIGHOD — WHITE HAS TAKEN THIS ONE OVER, TOO.

YANDRO #73, Bob & Juanita Coulson, 105 Stitt St., Wabash, Ind. Monthly, 15¢, mimeo, 2pp.

YANDRO has always been, in my opinion, just "there." It's almost always average. That is not derogatory--it's hard to produce even an irregular zine that hits the "average" mark (and I ought to know, having published quite a few that haven't done so). The editorials are usually good, though nothing extra-special; the fanzine reviews, as always, remain among the best; and the letter column provides the solid meat of YANDRO. This issue it's Dodd and Bisenieks that detract, to make this another average issue.

Rating: 5

((Lichtman also rates this '5', but describes editorials and fanzine reviews as superb.))

A BAS #11, Boyd Raeburn, 9 Glenvalley Dr., Toronto 15, Canada. Irregular, 25¢, 55pp, mimeo.

It seems that I was wrong. This Raeburn fellow turns out a damnably fine 55 pages. I've never said to the contrary, but I have hinted that it might not be every bit as good as Raeburn might think, though now I find that it is, and even more so, which is to say that it is, like, in a goshwow manner (mine, not Raeburn's), one hell of a fine fan-mag. ((Kerouac rears his sad and Christ-like head. EB)) The best, by far, is the 12 pages in which Boyd makes you actually live the Solacon (by far the best report yet seen). There's more; a lot more (Carr, Grennell, Willis, Kirs, Donaho, Leman, Needham, Tucker, Warner, White--if you'll excuse this name-dropping-rather-than-reviewing. There's also an editorial, the famed Derelicti Derogation, cartoons by Rotsler, and a stenofax cover that is humorous to me even if I don't understand it. Rating: 10

((Lichtman also rated this '10')).

Well, you naughty people, there you have it. I call you naughty people, because I liked almost everything I reviewed this time. What's the matter with fandom? Where has gone the good old days when a fmz-reviewer didn't have to search and snip and bring in personal prejudices to say something derogatory? Where is the crud that can be torn to shreds? What's the matter with everybody, anyhow? Just to look at things, you'd think the whole idea of fandom would be to publish good stuff. Well, here's one guy that's here to tell you he's not! Bighod, if I don't get a crudzine by the next time around, I'll take a hammer to old zotz, and run off five hundred copies of THE GALACTIC GAZETTE

on half a can of ink, just to show you what can be done, if the fan-pubber is serious enough and constructive enough to give fandom what it needs now so desperately. I'll gather hekto-stained neo's about me, and show you just how we did it back in the good old days when crud was crud and the sense of indecency still endured.

--Rich Brown, 1959

PART II (by Bob Lichtman)

AMRA v.2no.1. G. H. Scithers, Box 682, Stanford, California. 20¢, irregular(?), 20pp., multilith.

A special-interest fanzine, being devoted to the topic of the famous Robert E. Howard character, Conan the Cimmerian. Interesting, nonetheless. The articles (by such as Poul Anderson, Glenn Lord, and Liz Wilson) are all about various sections of the Conan saga or on the life and works of Howard. The multilith reproduction, which is crackling sharp and clear, does full justice to the fine artwork in the mag.

Rating: 4

SPHERE #11. L. T. Thorndyke, P. O. Box 212, Atlanta 1, Georgia. 20¢, quarterly, 14pp, multilith.

Those who shudder at serious aazines had best skip on to the next review, for SPHERE is one of the critturs. Or stay, perhaps I can sway you into trying this. Yes, it's serious, very, but in an interesting pleasantly literate fashion. There's an article by Brian Aldiss on how he comes across ideas for sf stories. Capable enough and recommended to any would-be Vile Pros. Don Franson has a light sort of article (capricious, I might say) on paper airplanes. The fiction piece for this issue is by Cam Williams (who he, you ask? I dunno either.) well-written, but the plot is sporting a looong white beard. The rest of the issue is made up of some very outdated (at least a year old) fmz reviews, and a one-page semi-editorial.

Not bad, material-wise, but I gripe at their printing on only one side of the paper. They've virtually no show-through, and it's an inconvenience, this having to turn so many pages.

Rating: 5

STEFANTASY 42. William M. Danner, R.D. 1, Kennerdell, Pennsylvania. "Price, four rubles, except for your copy, which is free", irregular (?), 24pp, printed.

This is the only printed fanzine that I know of. I'd like to see more, but due to the slowness of handsetting type (yes, all 24 pages of this fanzine are handset, but with remarkably few typos), I doubt if I will.

There's an article by Bob Leman, a book review of a Russian sf book by Harry Warner, Jr., and an amusing article by Danner himself on "How to Build a Hierodorous Machine" complete with photographs. The always amusing ad parodies (or satires, pastiches, lampoons or whathaveyou?) are present and worth a hearty guffaw or two.

Printed on fine slick paper yet, in 12-point Kennerly typeface, this fanzine is a good thing all around.

Rating: 8

ORION 21. Ella Parker, 151 Canterbury Road, West Kilburn, London NW 5, England. 15¢, irregular (?), 46 pp, mimeo.

Yes, O: is back again. Under a new editorship true, but still the same good fanzine it was back in the days when Paul Enever was putting it out. As has come to be tradition, all the interior and exterior illustrations are executed by ATom, which certainly leaves nothing to be desired in the art department.

Materialwise, too, ORION is as good as ever. Berry continues his Sergeant's Series with SPEED COP (this has got to appear collected, sometime--how about it, John?), Penelope Fandergaste rambles interestingly for five pages (could anyone enlighten me as to just what American fanzine alternates between thirteen editors each issue?) ((that's the Cult)), and Enever is represented in two spots, with an editorial and a story.

There's a wealth of other material, by such as Bulmer, Pavlat, Mercer, Tubbs, Wild, and fmz reviews by Wild to round out the issue. A letter section, which was the best part of the O.'s of yore, is promised for next issue by Ella Parker.

Rating: 7

--Bob Lichtman

This month we present a story the like of which isn't at all unfamiliar to hordes of science-fiction readers. But for those of you who have not had the pleasure of reading stf before the alternate-worlds kick, here is an example of the Time Travel Tale. There used to be thousands of these scattered through the Stfictional continuum, all with a unique problem of its own, as only a TTT can have. But as a blurb writer might put it, "There's more than one way to fit a rectangular peg into an oval hole!"

JOHN ROLF'S FANTABULOUS TIME TRAVELLING DEVICE ----- ED COX

John Rolf twiddled the dial of the Time Machine. It was one of many dials, meters, needles and so on because, of course, a Time Machine has to be complex which is why it is called a Time Machine in this bit. The Multi-phase InterChronetic Vibratory Unit is too much to type over and over again.

So it was that when John Rolf twiddled the dial of the Multiphaseinterchroneticvibratoryunit, he felt a vast surge of satisfaction mingled with anticipation, excitement, the thrill of adventure and, mostly, irritation.

Because nothing happened.

He unbound his lanky frame from the seat and went to the door and closed it. This time, now that the safety-circuit was completed, there was a sudden swoop of vertigo as the TM sloughed back through a few hundred thousand years.

"Egads!" he thought. "This works!"

He excitedly went to the door, spun the wheel-lock and pushed it open. He jumped out.

"Eeeeeeyaahhhh!"

He jumped back in and heard the stone ax clang off the outside of the door as he spun it closed. He nervously switched the dial to zero, which was home-time, on the Time Meter and wiped his brow.

As the TM sloughed back to when he started, he grimly thought of the unfriendliness of those brutes and how next time he'll be prepared. Must've landed in mid Pleistocene, he thought. It was good luck to land near some of them else he could've been outside and unprepared when they first ran across him. He shuddered.

Once more he spun open the lock and this time stepped out into the familiar basement lab. As he got out, somebody opened the door at the top of the stairs and hollered, "Hey, what's the commotion down there?"

"Who the hell are you asking what's down here?" he yelled back. Feet clattered down the stairs and he saw him come into sight. Both men froze, slack-jawed.

"Hey, who are you!?" he demanded.

"I'm John Rolf, of course," the double on the stairs said. "What kind of a crazy gag is this?"

"Whaddaya mean 'crazy gag'?" he demanded as they approached each other. "I'm John Rolf. I just got back from an experimental trip in my Time Machine."

The other Rolf grimaced and groaned aloud. "Oh, gawd, not that!"

"What d'you mean?"

"I gave up on that thing long ago. It doesn't work....I mean....it didn't."

"The hell it didn't! I just got back from the Pleistocene!" He turned to the machine and swung the door to. "Look!" A dent marred the silvery surface.

"Then where's mine?" demanded the new John Rolf.

"How the hell do I know?" He paused. "Also, how do we figure out which of me...you..uh, us...is it. Uh, real. No, first!?"

"I dunno. It's your fault. You came into my life....I mean, I was here." He gestured

around him. "Now you come out of my old TM which didn't work except that....." He glanced mutely at the ax dent in the door.

"Say, how about a ride in that thing. After all, I invented it first, even if mine didn't work."

"How could that be? I.....but never mind. That won't get us anywhere. Hop in." The new John Rolf did and was followed by, logically enough, John Rolf.

"Let's go back to the Triassic period," said John Rolf. "It's about 100 million years back but mainly the dinosaurs were smaller than in the Jurassic."

"Okay with me," agreed John Rolf.

The years sloughed back around them as the TM sank down like a plummet through the ages as if an elevator dropping down a million floors a minute. They couldn't know this however. They only felt sick.

"Say," said John Rolf, as he spun the wheel again, "hadn't we better differentiate between us so's to make things easier for people when we get back?" He pushed open the door and breathed cautiously at the oppressively humid air that oozed in. "Warm out," he commented....

"Okay," said John Rolf. "Let's call you John Rolf Two and I'll be the original."

"How come? Why can't I be....?" They got cautiously out of the TM. "Egods, it's fantastic," said John Rolf (who started this whole mess). He looked around.

"And oozy," said John Rolf Two (whose TM didn't work). "We're sinking." He pointed at the TM. It was already tilting to port and they were up to their ankles.

"Let's get out of here, quick!" snapped John Rolf One. They clambered soggily into the TM, spun shut the door. "Back to.....well, we're going back anyway." He spun the dial to zero.

Stomachs swayed as the TM soared sickeningly some millions of years to the future.

"Uargle," went John Rolf Two, "just let me off and you can go off to where you came from and keep the whole time-travel racket for yourself."

"How can I go back to where I came from?" demanded John Rolf One, spinning open the door.

"This is where I came from!"

They got out. "Thanks, but what are we going to do? We're still both here and can't go around calling each other One and Two all the..."

He stopped speaking as the implications of their dual existence hit him, but also, and mostly, because John Rolf One was coming down the stairs without first having gone up the stairs. He whirled and stared into the glottal cavity of John Rolf One.

"Good Lord!" gasped John Rolf Two.

"The new John Rolf halted in front of them. "Who're you?"

"I'm One," sighed John Rolf One.

"Are you one, too?" asked the new Rolf.

"Good heavens no!" exclaimed Two. "And I didn't know he was!"

"Knock it off!" snarled John Rolf One. "Now we're three! What the hell happened?"

"I'll tell you gentlemen," said John Rolf Three. "I was afraid this might someday happen."

"How'd you know?" the first two demanded.

"Before I ever put power into my model of this TM, I checked and rechecked all the math." He paused. "What do you call your machine?"

"It is," answered John Rolf One proudly, "the Multi-phase interchronetic-vibratory Unit!"

"Aha, so I suspected!" he smirked. "You didn't check your math! I did. And when I found that my machine was a Multi-phase Interstitially inter-chronetic Vibratory Unit, why I naturally never put the juice to her!"

"Good Gawd," gasped John Rolf One, "you mean all this time my Multiphaseinterchonetivibratory unit has in reality been a Multiphaseinterstitiallyinterchroneticvibratoryunit?"

"Yes."

"Migod!" gasped John Rolf Two in horror. "What does it mean?"

"Yeh," demanded John Rolf One. "What does it mean?"

"It means that your machine not only jumped immense periods of time, but dimensional barriers as well! Each time, you jumped into an alternate possible world as well as different ages of it."

"Ahaaaaa, so that's how come there are so many of us. Uh, me. You. Us," said John Rolf Two.

"So now all we need do is all pile into my...unit...and skip from dimension to dimension till we're all home. Right?" smiled John Rolf One.

John Rolf Three smiled. "No."

"Whaaaaa?!"

"You see, the multiphaseinterstitallyinterchroneticvibratoryunit is incapable of assuming its original jump-off point in time-dimensional-space."

"Well, that's confusing, but go ahead," encouraged Two.

"You mean that every time we go somewhere in this thing, there's going to be one more of" faltered One.

"Yes," confirmed Three grimly. "Chances are so, anyway."

"So we're stuck here!" gasped Two.

"What'll we do!?" groaned One. "We three can't go gallivanting around!"

"Can you sing?" asked Three.

"Why, yes," answered One, "but..."

"Good Gawd," snorted Two, "in a situation like this he asks stupid ques--"

"Can you sing!?" thundered Three.

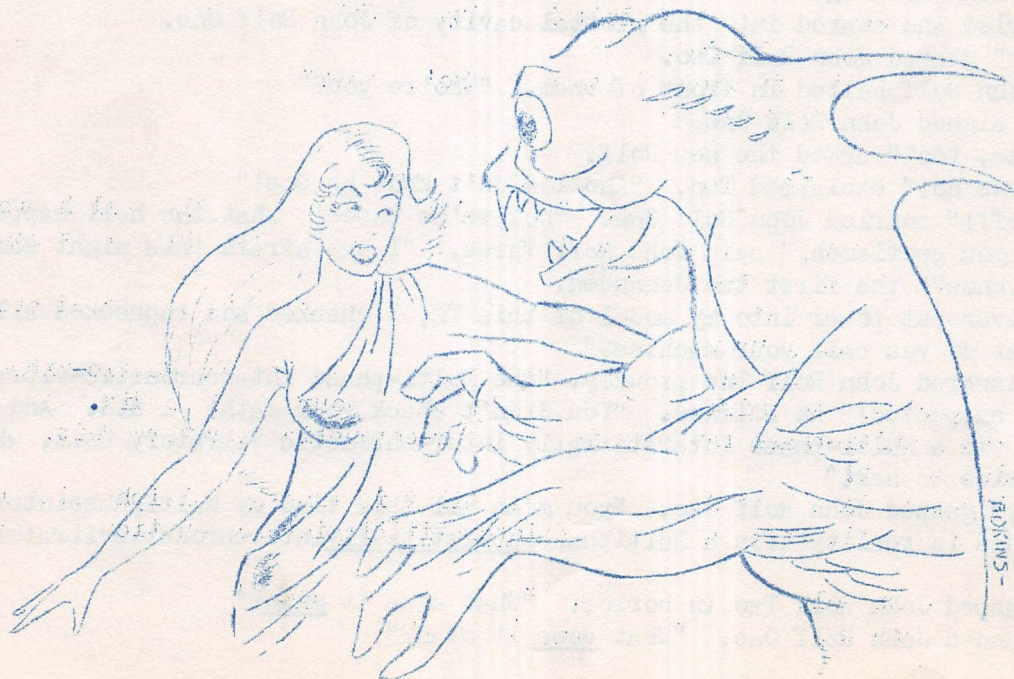
"Yes, quite well, but...."

"Then we're all set," sighed Three, relieved.

"How come?"

"I know a good agent!"

-30-



"Toskey says the Gestetner's counter will turn over the 100,000 mark today!"

((A True Life Up-to-date May 3rd, 1959, Caption))

" A C R Y h a c k I s W h a t I W a n t T o B e ! "

--- by Bruce Pelz

In every lettercol I'm lurkin', 'cause they'll let most any jerk in,
In the land of the Elinor B.
When the zine is free for writin', and the letterhacks keep fightin',
Oh, a CRYhack is what I want to be !

With the BNFs and neos aligned in pairs and trios
In a mutual egoboo club,
I'll write in every issue (if you don't, they seldom miss you,
'Cause there's so many others to pub !)

I will argufy all day, though I've not too much to say,
In the middle of each fray, I will be.
Spite of pitfalls on the way, I am hoping I can stay
By avoiding all compla-cency.

To each Berryarn and Mhinute, I pipe but as the linnet
Sings, and comment on CRY, A to Z;
For I think CRY's getting better, every time they print my letter - - -
Yes, a CRYhack is what I want to be !! ((Ed Note: this is a Lehrody; OK?))

The B E R R Y F U N D C h e c k l i s t (individual contributions,
as of April 20, 1959) (listed in roughly alphabetical order) :

Poul & Karen Anderson	Ben Jason	Boyd Raeburn	
Ron Bennett	Bob Leman	Steve & Virginia Schultheis	
Dainis Bisenieks	Bob Madle	Roger Sims	
Robert Bloch	Dean McLaughlin	Gerald Steward	(not listed are some
F M & Elinor Busby	Bill Meyers	Burnett Toskey	anonymous donations, and
Terry & Miri Carr	Ellis Mills	John Trimble	proceeds from raffles &
Dick Ellington	Gene Pallat	Harry Warner, Jr	<u>The Compleat Faan</u>)
Nick & Noreen Falasca	Bob Pavlat	Wally Weber	
Donald Franson	Bruce Pelz	Andy & Jean Young	

Since we have less than 2 months to put the Fund over the top as far as the T*I*C*K*E*T*S are concerned, we hope to see this Checklist lengthened fast and far. But the main reason for printing the List is this: as you know, Bill Rickhardt was the original Fund Treasurer before the job was taken over by Nick Falasca because of Bill's shuttling back and forth between Detroit, Cleveland, New York, and Baltimore like unto spinning himself a web or something. A lot of Bill's mail may be still chasing him. So: if any of you sent your donations to Rickhardt, long enough ago that you should appear on the above list, and do not appear there, please send an air-postcard after Rickhardt, to the same address you sent the donation. Mark it "Please forward if necessary", and request on it that any letter from you to Rickhardt, that may be around the premises, be forwarded to Nick Falasca, 5612 Warwick Drive, Parma 29, Ohio. And perhaps advise Nick directly as to amount and approximate date you sent it, so he can check from his end. Just a CRY Public Service, folks.

P O U L A N D E R S O N i s G u e s t o f H o n o r a t t h e
D * E * T * E * N * T * I * O * N

You're all familiar with Poul as a prolific and extremely versatile writer. Having had Poul and Karen here for a couple of fine Faanish evenings last summer, Elinor and I can also recommend him highly on an in-person basis-- a Good Man for faanish bullsessions, with a fine humorous touch and a firm hand at the bheer-stein. Any of you who have seen Con-pix know what a doll Karen is-- but attend the Detention and meet her in full lifelike 3-D Personal Presence-- she's a dynamo, no less.

Just two more good reasons for joining the Detention, like on page 9. -- FMB.

THE RISE AND FALL OF MARK HORNSBY PERMOUNT V
-- by Len Moffatt

Mark Hornsby Permout V discovered science fiction at the age of twelve. He had only recently discovered other things in life, but having only a small weekly allowance from his impoverished parents, he decided it was cheaper to buy mags such as Sexual Science Fiction Stories than to spend the money on the girl next door, who was two years his senior, but who had occasionally expressed an interest in his companionship.

For a short while, he was actually head over heels in love with this girl -- until the day she made friends with the new boy in the neighborhood. The new boy was sixteen years old, built like a man full grown, and made 95 dollars a week as a maintenance man for the FREEZIAC at the local super market. Always afterward, Mark regretted the money he had spent on this ungrateful female.

Mark's life always seemed to be full of regrets. His parents were only relatively poor, to be sure; they had rich relatives who looked down upon them. He envied the large allowances allotted by various uncles and aunts to his snobbish cousins, and rarely did they spend a cent on him.

But in the meantime Mark had discovered a great magazine, SSFS, and with its help was able to live in a dream world of half-clad heroines and mad, drooling monsters. Actually Mark resembled the mad, drooling monsters more than he did the heroes of these epics, but naturally he did not think of himself in this light. He was the constant would-be hero, the Walter Mitty with growing pains.

Thru the lettercol in SSFS Mark discovered fandom, and plunged into it with all of the energy and lack of experience he possessed. Still, as it turned out, he was not a typical neofan. For five years he read and wrote to fanzines, submitted stories, poems, articles, art, etc., used the high school mimeo to turn out his own besmudged, unreadable fanzine -- but nothing came of it. Rarely was one of his letters published, and never did any fanzine editor (other than himself) make use of his writings. By this time he had expected to be a Big Name Fan, but he was more of a major nobody.

He knew that his parents, his parents' rich relatives, his schoolmates, and practically everybody else, did not understand him. He had expected his fellow fen to appreciate and understand him, and it was becoming more and more apparent that fans too thought he was a bit of a nothing. He wasn't even noticed enough to be called a fugghead.

"The trouble is," he would tell himself, in the lonely silence of his attic room, "I don't have enough money. Most fans complain about being poor but nobody is as poor as I am. Now that I'm out of high school I can't use the mimeo to publish a fanzine anymore. And I'm having trouble getting a job, so where can I find the money to buy my own mimeo? I've tried selling to the promags, but they too have rejected me. I'm glad I used a pseudo and never told anybody. I'm glad I was fannish enough not to want to be labeled a filthy pro, because now nobody knows of my failure in prodom. But I will -- I must -- succeed in fandom. I was born to be a fan, a great fan, and my day will come! Fandom is a way of life! All I need is the money. Gee, I was sure I could make money selling my fanzine since it cost me almost nothing to produce. The risks I took...stealing paper and ink and stamps...using the school mimeo on the sly...and I only charged 50¢ a copy. But only two guys sent in money and they were nobodies. And after running off all those copies...I had to send them out. I was so sure that by the third issue I would have a good backing of subs and material. Not that I needed material as I am perfectly capable of writing whole issues myself. That's a proven fact because I did it for every issue I produced. But nobody wrote in and said how fine it all was. Just a few carping letters and bare mentions in a couple of fanzine review cols. Just because the repro was a little messy they refused to read it! Maybe I shouldh't have rejected those articles by Warner and that Berry story. Maybe I should have kept the Atom illos that came with the Berry piece but I didn't think that would be fair, and it did hurt me to have to turn those poor guys down. But an editor has to have some rights, and it isn't every editor who knows when to reject material even if it is by Big Names. Besides if I used their stuff the readers might have paid less attention to my stuff, and I was trying to build my own name and fame in fandom. Just like any other fan. What I need is the money to spend on the best equipment, to produce a super fanzine so that fandom would get my Message. Why I could even..."

This soliloquy went on for some time, but the gist of it was that Mark, given riches, could become the Leader of All Fandom.

Unfortunately, he was given riches. An almost forgotten uncle (so help me!) arrived on the scene in a surprise visit. He was about ninety years old and on his last legs. He was as rich or richer than the other Permout relatives, and when he discovered that Mark was a sci-fi fan, he took the lad to his boney bosom. It seems that Old Uncle Hornsby had been a reader of sci-fi most of his life. He never became involved in fandom but used to write long letters about psi to John Campbell, two of which were published. Old Horny had made his fortune in the manufacture of electronically operated Ouija Boards, and knowing that he was not long for this world, he made out his will completely in Mark's favor.

There was some talk in the town when Old Horny accidentally fell out of the attic bedroom window, but it never amounted to much, as everyone knew how devoted Mark was to his recently discovered uncle. For instance the old man had given Mark a brand new ten dollar bill to spend as he pleased. The young man had gone downtown and after buying his usual two copies of SSFS, he spent the rest of the money on zilch mags for his kind old uncle. Some of you may remember what the zilch mags were like back in the Sixties, and of course Mark was aware that his uncle suffered from high blood pressure. But youth, in its earnest endeavor to succor the old, is sometimes unthinking, and the subsequent heart attack might have happened anyway. Whether or not it was another heart attack that propelled the old man thru the second story window no one really knows, of course, but certainly the loudest and weepiest mourner at the funeral was Mark Hornsby Permout V.

It was time for Mark to have another heart to heart talk with himself. (He firmly believed that he possessed two hearts like Jommy Cross in SLAN) "Well, I'm rich," he said, and then he said it aloud several times, smacking his lips. "Rich, rich, rich! Now I can do all the things I have always wanted to do. Now I can be the saviour of fandom and show them all my true worth. First of all, there is FANAC. I'll give them the help they so obviously need."

FANAC was still going strong in those days, coming out every other week, sometimes every week when the news warranted it, but they kept their circulation down to 100-150. Mark felt that given enough money they could come out weekly without fail and could increase their circulation to 1000 or more. He knew that they complained more about a lack of time rather than a lack of money, but he would take care of that too.

He sent Old Dad Squirrel and Papa Carr a check for 10,000 dollars. They were to quit their jobs and put FANAC into a full time operation. He would pay them \$25,000 a year just to publish the newsmag. All he required of them was that they give him credit as "angel" in the masthead, and increase the circulation to at least 1000. He suggested that they get in touch with the editors of SF Times for a proper mailing list. SF Times was no longer being published of course, but surely the old mailing list would still be in their files....

Naturally the FANAC team felt a little bowled over. They had heard vaguely of Mark Hornsby Permout V, but until the arrival of his letter and check (which was marked as a down payment on the offer), he had not stirred their fine fannish minds to the degree of commenting on him or his previous fannish efforts. They did not know quite what to do. Finally, after much discussion and two long distance phone calls (collect to Mark who lived in a small eastern town), they decided to poll fandom, or at least their 100 readers. This decision irritated Mark but he controlled his anger and waited impatiently for the announcement of the results. Most of the fans thought that Carr and Ellick should accept the offer, but many of them qualified their answers, suggesting that the two famous editors work out a self-protecting clause in the contract.

Using part of the ten thousand, they flew Speer into Berkeley and had him draw up the papers. The deal would start out on an experimental basis. If all parties were satisfied at the end of the first six months, the deal would continue for the next six months, and so on. But if at the end of any one of the six-month periods any of the parties wished to withdraw he could legally do so. By phone Mark had suggested that the three of them form a corporation, but Ron and Terry immediately began making strangled noises of protest. Finally the things was settled, the papers were signed, and the first six months went merrily by.

FANAC appeared every week, 1000 copies per issue, and although they never did hear from SF Times, they did manage to build a mailing list which satisfied both the editorial team and the angel.

In the meantime, Mark had bought himself a printing shop and hired men to produce his own fanzine, FANFORCE, which was dedicated to the proposition that "Fandom is THE Way of Life". He wrote most of the material, but at least it was now legible. He also did all of the artwork, or that was what he called it. And he was really hurt and astounded when the mag received bad

reviews in the other fanzines. When he received his first large batch of letters his spirits rose and he whistled happily as he started to open them. But his good cheer did not last long. Most of the letters were vituperation, to say the least. Only a handful of his readers agreed with him that fans were supermen, that someday they would rule the world.

When Carr&Ellik saw this first neatly printed issue of Mark's mag they began to feel queasy inside. They were into the second half-year of the agreement, and after consulting Speer and other authorities, learned that they would just have to wait it out. They could of course fall down on their obligations and fail to come out weekly, etc., hoping that Mark would then withdraw his side of the deal, and that would be that. But now that they knew Mark better, through the pages of FANFORCE, they felt almost certain that if they reneged on the contract Mark would sue them. They would just have to wait until the end of the year. And go out and see if they could get their old jobs back.

Ellik&Carr began to receive letters of protest from their readers. Not about FANAC, but about their association with this "fascist minded fugghead", as several fen described Permout V. Ron&Terry managed, via the grapevine, to let their friends know exactly how they felt, and to assure them that the unsavory relationship would end as soon as they could legally end it. They faunched to blast at Permout V but knew that anything they did to irritate the lad would only worsen the situation. Still....they couldn't resist.....

A new fanzine appeared on the scene. It was obviously run off on the LASFS Gestetner, but it was edited by one Carl Brandon, and titled FANFARCE. FANFARCE was of course the ultimate take-off on FANFORCE, and although several other fen published lampoons, burlesques and parodies on Mark's mag, FANFARCE was never equalled. Poor Mark became so incensed at these blasts that he hired detectives to discover the identity of Carl Brandon, of whom he had never heard previously.

The first report he received advised him that Brandon was a negro. This added coals to Mark's racial prejudice bonfires, for he believed that only white, "aryan" type fans were the true supermen and saviours of the universe. The second report corrected the first one, and relayed the information that Brandon was a pseudonym for some Big Name Fan. Mark doubled the detectives' expense accounts, and commanded them to discover the true identity of his antagonist. Fortunately he had not been an actifan during the Fifties, when Carr&Ellik had revealed Brandon as a pseudonym.

The most enterprising of the private eyes, masquerading as a neofan, joined LASFS. He happened to come in one evening when Ackerman was running off the latest Shaggy Combined With VOM on the old Gestetner. He glanced at one of the pages and saw Mark's name mentioned. Being new to the field, the shamus did not know that several fanzines were produced on the club's old machine, and he assumed that this was another issue of FANFARCE in the making. By casual conversation he learned that Ackerman was one of the oldest members of LASFS, and that he had once been a very actifan.

Forry told him of how he had made his fortune writing and agenting for TV and movies; he had only recently returned to full time fan activity. Casually the alert detective asked the old man his opinion of Mark Hornsby Permout V. Forry blinked, smiled and shook his head in a somewhat negative manner. His facial muscles moved just enough to hint of a tired old fan who has seen it all, and is now having to see it all over again. The detective took it that Ackerman was disgusted with Permout V, and deduced that here indeed must be "Carl Brandon". He reported immediately to Mark.

"I might have known," muttered Mark, in the loneliness of his newly decorated attic room. "Leave it to these old has-BNFs to cause trouble. I always thought he was a fake fan, and now he has proven it by making fun of me! I'll fix him!"

He instructed his lawyers to sue Ackerman. It was a shame, in a way, that the thing never got to court; Forry, aided by his lawyers, put together more than enough evidence to prove that he was not and never had been Carl Brandon. He had a cleverly constructed defense which not only proved him innocent, but in no way revealed Brandon's true identity.

Unfortunately, a renegade fan, whose mag had once been given a bad review by "Brandon" (in the old Cry col by Carr, Ellik, Rike, and Graham), revenged himself by telling Mark that the FANFARCE Brandon was "Undoubtedly one or all of the Berkeley boys. Berkeley fandom spent half its time in Los Angeles so the LASFS machine could easily be used to produce FANFARCE."

Mark Hornsby Permout V was beside himself with fury. He didn't know whether to sue or go blind. Finally he wrote an eight page letter (cannily planning to use it later for his annual FAPA requirements) using all of the strongest language he knew to burn the ears and behinds of Ellik and Carr. He finished by threatening to sue, but Ron and Terry sensed his reluctance to go quite that far. After all, they were helping to make one of his dreams come true, and would he be able to find two other fans competent and willing to publish FANAC as he wanted it? In fact, he added a P.S. to the letter indicating that he would forgive and forget if they would alter their policy sufficiently. He wanted to publish his own regular column in FANAC, outlining his plans for world conquest by the superfan. And of course they would have to cease publishing FANFARCE, and make a public apology to him in the pages of FANAC.

Ellik and Carr wrote him a postcard telling him what he could do, and immediately went back to their old schedule and circulation. Fortunately they had not used all of the money he had sent them, as they had delayed in purchasing the fine printing equipment he had suggested. They returned most of his money, and a Bail Out the Berkeley Bhoys Fund was started. In no time at all the rest of the money was raised and returned to Permout V.

In the meantime Mark had contacted his lawyers and was making elaborate arrangements to sue the Berkeley Bhoys and all their associates. It was fortunate that he took so long in preparing his case for Fate stepped in and saved the day, in a manner of speaking.

Since becoming one of the nouveau-rich, Mark, of course, had plenty of money to spend on girls, as well as on fanning. But he had been so busy with his fan activities that he had hardly thought of girls, other than the usual ones in his usual daydreams -- inspired by the gaudy covers of SSFS. Then one evening, shortly after a meeting with his lawyers, he sat in his attic room and felt this strange urge. He began to think again of the girl next door. Ever since the news of his inheritance had been announced, she -- as many another local girl, had been going out of her way to attract his attention. His preoccupation with fanning had prevented him from noting these details.

"Gosh," he said to himself, smacking his lips. "I think she did wink at me today!"

He went to his window and looked down into his neighbor's back yard. The girl next door was there, lying on a blanket, unclad, taking a sunbath. This seemed rather curious as it was mid-winter, and snow covered the ground. But undoubtedly she had finally succeeded in attracting his attention.

He opened the window and leaned out to get a better look, feeling his interest rise as it never had before. The window frame, weakened perhaps by its previous encounter with Uncle Horny, gave way. He fell, plummeting to the ground below. The girl next door yipped, leaped to her feet and hurried to the still, prone figure. She knelt down and gingerly took his head in her lap.

He seemed to be trying to say something. He gasped, choked, moved his lips, and she bent her head close to listen. With his dying breath he finally got it out.

"Fandom," he gasped. "Fandom IS just a goddamned hobby!"

THE END

WesterCon News:

There isn't much, really, except in the Coming Events Dep't. Elinor was elected President of the Nameless last month, which so exhausted the club that the next meeting was skipped. This evening (May 3rd) she intends to propose a few action-type deals to the club, such as digging up speakers for the banquet, not missing any more ads in Detention Progress Reports (sorry, Howard), and etc. Wally will be ~~authorized~~ authorized to get the returnable Hotel Reservation Cards out this week. Otto, who is now officially designated as Hotel Liaison Man (and like, write it down, Otto), says he'll get another WesterCon Regression Report out next weekend -- the boy has had a bad siege of flu, but will answer questions addressed to 4736 40th NE, Seattle 5, Wn. And it is still true that the WesterCon is scheduled for July 3-4-5 at the Moore Hotel (although that "3" means largely Friday late-afternoon and evening, natch). Note to early-arrivals: the CRYgang can all be reached by phone, though Wally & Otto are at Swamp House, listed under "Thomas A. Weber", who is owned by Swamp House. The rest of us bravely appear under our own names. And I guess that's about all for the WesterCon, for this time around. Be seein' you.

--- Buz

MHINUTES

bi Wally Weber (onnerble secretary)

The Nameless Ones have held many meetings in the club's strange history, but there is no doubt that the April 5, 1959 meeting will go down in the club records as being the most significant meeting ever held. The reason there is no doubt is because these Mhinutes represent the sum total of the club records, and I am at this very moment writing down in them that the April 5, 1959 meeting is the most significant meeting ever held.

Looking back with the perspective that only time can give, one sees it was a miracle the meeting got held at all. Never were matters of such import met with such impossible obstacles, nor has there been a time when braver hearts have fought a more hopeless battle to win a greater victory for a more glorious and noble cause. (Incidentally, moving picture rights for these Mhinutes are reserved by the author.)

The mere problem of getting the most important party to the meeting turned out to be fantastically difficult. I very nearly did not make it. Everything depended upon Burnett R. Toskey and his faithful Buick, but Fate and L. Garcone were not cooperating. Earlier in the day, before the meeting was due to start, a few of us had banded together and published the last issue of the CRY. (As Burnett put it, we had perpetrated a thing again. He has a way of putting things like that, especially after having cranked out an issue of The Cry. That, however, has nothing important to do with the subject under discussion, so it will be necessary to leave you in ignorance of this fabulous facet of Seattle Fandom in order to return to the theme of this story -- er -- I mean report.) Unfortunately the Mhinutes in that issue of the Cry had captured our attention so completely that we forgot about the meeting until well past the proper time to leave for it.

I, the newly published CRY's, Elinor Busby, and Burnett Toskey entered the Buick in order of our importance, and away we rushed to the meeting. Well, not exactly directly to the meeting; we were to pick up another passenger, a mysterious dark-haired girl named Varda who attends Nameless meetings every time she breaks her leg. A slight complication arose when we discovered that none of us knew her exact address, but being fans with the unusual sort of knowledge that fans have, we put ourselves in her place and decided where we would live if we had been brought up as mysterious dark-haired girls who attended Nameless meetings everytime we broke our legs. Unfortunately a terrible thing happened on our way there.

You avid followers of the adventures of Fabulous Seattle Fans will remember that in the trunk of the Toskey Buick there resides a -- a -- thing. Its name is L. Garcone and in the early days of the CRY it used to do illustrations by clawing them directly on the stencil. (The only known photograph of L. Garcone was reproduced on the cover of issue #111, in case you want more gruesome details.) - L. Garcone was the cause of the terrible thing that happened. The evil thing corroded away the insulation on the wires leading through the trunk to the tail lights and thereby managed to short circuit the lights all over the car. There we were, traveling through the treacherous Seattle streets with Garcone flashing the car lights on and off in some evil code. We had no choice but to lose precious time in a service station while the wiring was fixed.

In less than an hour we were on our way again. For a while it was a trifle nerve-racking, but eventually the screams of the service station electrician stopped and only the quiet, contented sounds of fangs occasionally grating on bones came from the trunk. The car lights were working fine. We soon arrived at Varda's place, but she was not in evidence. We decided she must have forgotten to break her leg since last meeting. Not having sufficient time to find her and provide her with the necessary fracture, we went on our relatively uneventful way to the meeting.

Once again we were beset with a problem. The building in which we were to meet was locked. It was a small problem compared to those we had already dealt with, and after a few minutes of simply creating a disturbance on the sidewalk in front of the place, the janitor showed up in his bathrobe and opened the door for us. We hurried up to the meeting room, leaving the disturbance we had created on the sidewalk for the janitor to clean up.

Elinor Busby was quite taken with the Gestetner equipment in the meeting room and, since she just happened to have with her some stencils and illustrations, she proceeded to while away a few minutes doing some tracing. An involved conversation was started among the other members to determine the best way to remember the difference between stalagmites and stalactites. Unfortunately your secretary's notes were not too complete concerning this conversation, so it is impossible to state here whether it is the stalactite or the stalagmite that grows on the north side of trees and rocks. Lee Noon, whose science fiction dreams and nightmares could make a professional author wealthy overnight, so to speak, started everyone revealing what sort of nightmares they get from reading the CRY too soon before going to bed.

Eventually the group decided to actually get down to the formality of holding a meeting. It was here that an unequalled event took place in the history of the club. It deserves a separate paragraph.

AT 9PM, April 5, 1959, YOUR LIKEABLE AND HONORABLE SECRETARY OPENED A MEETING OF THE NAMELESS ONES.

In my clever way, I explained the reason for this very clearly so that even Burnett Toskey could understand. The evil, rotten-to-the-core ex-President, Wally Weber, had been impeached by himself at the previous meeting. The Vice-President, Wally Gonser, was momentarily so enthusiastically pursuing his other vices that he was not in attendance. The only other officer, treasurer Geneva Wyman, was away absconding with club funds at the last minute, so the one officer present to save the meeting was quite naturally myself.

The major item on the agenda was the elections. Since Flora Jones was not present, no doubt because she was carousing about the town with Wally Gonser and his vices, her suggestion of having a plain ordinary recording secretary added to the club officers had to be presented by the chair. Ed Wyman insisted on expressing his opinion that this would mean we would have an ordinary secretary in addition to our ornery secretary. After a few similar remarks offending the dignity of my position, a motion was made by Elinor Busby that Flora be made ordinary secretary as long as she was not present to defend herself. This sort of poetic injustice appealed to Lee Noone, who seconded the motion. In a moment, Flora was the official ordinary secretary by unanimous vote. The railroad fever was on and nominations for President were open, so when Burnett Toskey nominated Elinor Busby and then moved that nominations cease, Ruth Noon seconded. An overwhelming aye sealed her doom, and my short career as chairman was at an end.

The first official decree of the new President was to move the meeting into the kitchen where more interesting things were taking place. Burnett called Flora to tell her about her new position, and Flora pointed out that she could not accept the position. She is rather backward, you see, and can't write. Since it appeared that she had not really been out with Gonser and his vices, your secretary moved and Ruth Noon seconded and the club passed the motion that Flora be railroaded into being Vice President. The same team moved, seconded, and passed a similar motion reinstating Geneva Wyman as treasurer, to give her a chance to finish absconding in case she had been too busy to complete her job. As an added touch your secretary moved Toskey seconded and the club (with the exception of Doug Wyman) passed a motion that Doug be Official Ben. Due to the efficiency with which the meeting was run, it was adjourned at 10:15.

WHAT'S THE POINT?

I happened to read of a dramatic student society where one could be a regular member if he had 25 points and an apprentice member with 10 points. Nothing was said about how the points were attained, except that they were for "working credits in dramatic productions". Perhaps drama fans in the audience will understand. But no matter. As in everything else I read these days, nothing matters except the central idea and how it can be applied to fandom. Naturally.

Now, wouldn't this settle, once and for all, the recurrent and repellent question of "what is a fan?" Not to mention, "Who or whom is a BNF?" Establish the point system.

A point, points, or fraction thereof could be given for each achievement in fandom. Then, if it were agreed that 25 points would make a fan, and 10 points an apprentice fan, everything would be solved. 100 points: a BNF. See, how easily all the disputes fade away? All would be serene in fandom and its fringes. Everyone would know just where he stood, from Willis to the newest member of N3F. Peck order would be established. There would be no more acrimony. The only minor remaining problem to settle would be what constitutes a point? I'm sure this would be pretty quickly cleared up.

I will start this 100-year war by making a few suggestions.

We will give no points for reading fanzines. Nor for collecting or hoarding fanzines. After all, they can sometimes be obtained illegally, like subbing, for instance. However, for pubbing a fanzine, 10 points (minimum 5 issues.)

For pubbing a fmz, less than 5 issues, 5 points.

For promising a fanzine, but never coming out, 1/2 point.

For taking over somebody else's fanzine and immediately folding it, 1/4 point.

For publishing pointless fanzine, 0 point.

For each critical review of your fanzine, 1 point.

For critical review of your fanzine by Rich Brown, 1/2 point.

For letter published in fanzine, 1 point.

For letter published in CRY, 1/2 point.

For letter not published in CRY, 1/2 point.

For letter published in pointless fanzine, 0 point.

For uncalled-for mention in fanzine (egoboo), 1/2 point.

For mention in fanzine (derogatory), 1 point.

Mention in Derogation in A BAS, 2 points.

Mention in John Berry fan-fiction, 1/2 point.

For name misspelled in fanzine, 1 point (Dainis Bisenieks and Isaac Asimov disqualified for this award).

For article or story mangled by dumb editor, 1 point.

For illo botched by stencilling or mastering, 1 point.

For misleading statement starting feud, 5 points.

For hoax, 1 point each month undiscovered.

For sickening pun, 1/2 point. Each repeat, 1/4 point.

For staple wound, 1/2 point. Crank-bursitis, 2 points. Black hand, 1 point.

And to show that fanzine fans are not averse to being fair to convention fans, the following bonanza is tossed:

For attendance at convention, 1 point.

See? There'll be no trouble. Just turn in your suggestions. Then turn in your beanie.

BY F. SHARP

CRY OF THE READERS



Three pieces of news: (1) This column, though edited by me, Elinor Busby, will contain additional comments by Burnett R. Toskey. (2) The lettercol will be held down more than usual, and consequently (3) Toskey has decided to send free CRYs to some of the people in the &WEALSOHEARDFROM DEPT. What proportion of folk in the we also heard froms will receive free CRYs depends entirely upon the indomitable whim of the Toskey.

LES ME CALL YOU SWEETHEART

(FMB)

Dearly Beloved,

You printed fifteen lines of Gerber in #126, and my name was mentioned throughout the issue more than 35 times. My ghod! People are starting to like me. I'm a character in two stories, I got a mention in almost every letter... Boy oh boy, the CRY is doing things for me.

ATom cover is the fourth in a row now. It's a better drawing than usual, but it's not as funny. I think it would go better in the New Yorker.

I quote: "free for contributors...and to editors of zines reviewed herein." This is the way it should be, but it's not true. Why not send the CRY to editors of prozines? I'll bet that at least half of them would send Pemby free subs.

And why isn't the CRY available for trades? It's all very funny to say that Toskey has a crazy system and we can't do anything about it, people, but I didn't send you UMGLICK #1, I won't send you #2, and I'm probably not the only one. Don't you people want to get other fanzines? I'll send UMGLICK to Rich Brown for the review, and he gets a free fanzine, but what do you get for your free CRY? The CRY is worth two of most other fanzines anyway, so have them send two copies; one to Brown and one to you. Or, even better, a review in the CRY is worth a copy and so is the mag itself, so make it trade and people who want reviews can send another copy to Brown. Unless, of course, you don't like other fanzines. ((We do--& if you'll read your paragraph carefully you'll see that you just talked yourself into sending us UMGLICK.))

I don't get SFA in Brooklyn, Pemby, but I was interested to hear of another story by Clive Jackson, author of "The Swordsman of Varnis" and, as far as I know, nothing else. Didn't know he was British. Maybe he isn't.

Maybe you're just used to panning Floyd C. Gale, but to me, the man shows great signs of improvement. It's coming slowly, but in the June column he wasn't nearly as nice as he usually is, and he said that Judy Merrill's article section in S-F Third Series was "surely one of the great editorial blunders." At least he's beginning to develop some critical judgment. Don't be too hard on him.

I'm naive. I admit it. I love being a character in a story.

This guy Carr writes a good column but Bjo took the whole play away with that czr-toon. I would call this unfair if I didn't support Bjo for TAFF. (Yes, I've finally made up my mind--I'm for Bjo!) ((Pooh.))

Last month I was trying to figure out who E. M? (Morton? Mitchum? Mackintosh?) Cox

was a pen name for. Now I find out, much to my delight, that he is real and that he is going to continue the series. Boy, that's two items in one issue (Berry & Cox) which would go well in BoF. Nice going!

I met Mike Deckinger at the Lunacon. Nice guy, but he didn't seem like the sort who would try one of these I-get-fed-up-with-something-so-I'm-going-to-parody-it-like-this pieces. And I was surprised to see how well it came off.

Rich does surprisingly good and fair reviews. I didn't send him UMGLICK #1 because I didn't think I'd get anything but one big blast and a 1 or 2 rating, and I figured I'd get enough of those anyway. I'm surprised. All right, Rich, you get #2. Be careful with it.

Watch this guy Franson. Say, did you ever hear of a pro who worked his way up to fandom?

Minutes had been getting kind of drab; they were much better this time.

In #125 you handled Raeburn for me so well that I didn't have to bother with writing. This time, I do. Put it this way, Boyd. Suppose you sent a copy of A BAS to Walt Willis in trade for HYPHEN, and he told you that he didn't want any of your crud. You'd be pretty insulted, I think. Weaver doesn't (and can't, he's told me) publish a fanzine, so he tried the next best thing--he offered to trade you prozines. Now maybe you don't like NEW WORLDS. This is still no reason to tell him you don't want any of the lousy crud. You'd take a fanzine, wouldn't you? The poor guy has nothing to send but prozines, and you don't even want that. If I were Weaver, I'd be pretty offended. As it is, I know Weaver, and I'm pretty offended at your comments. What do you want in trade for your damn fanzine anyway--blood?

Let me quote something. "I wondered whether Weaver had been one of the crudzine offerers and was mad at me because I had not replied to his offer. Gerber considered such a postulation to be offensive. Why? So anyway, I looked back through my unanswered letters, and found that Weaver had written to me offering to send me crud English prozines in exchange for A BAS." This offends me. Why? Because in the space of three sentences, you manage to portray Bert Weaver as an idiot or a louse who is trying to force you to send your valuable fanzine A BAS in trade for some lousy junk he picked up off the street and wanted to palm off on you. Weaver was offering the best that he had, and got shrugged off like so much dirt. That makes me mad, and it should make him mad too!

Now try another quote. "Look, I don't know Weaver. He's probably a harmless guy who is kind to dingos and little buckaroos." Or, in other words, I don't give a damn for Weaver. He's probably a feeble-minded fool who has no business in fandom. I don't know whether you meant this or not, Boyd, but that is what it sounds like, and if it isn't offensive, I'd like to know what is!

Thanks for ruining ((did you mean that? Why?)) Leman (I presume that Marie Croggle was Leman), Elinor. ((No.)) Serves him right. Anyway, there was no 1958 Revised Edition of Webster's Unabridged. This guy Leman gets away with too much anyway. Make him write decent sized letters for his CRY (and my enjoyment!) ((Darn ol' plutocratic fakefan sends money.))

Hallelujah! Moran is back.

Look, people, I swear this is the truth. I sent "The Authentic Replica" to the CRY for a rejection slip. I've still never gotten one, and I didn't think much of the piece, so I sent it. When I heard you would use it I flipped. Dammit, here goes the slight bit of reputation I've been beginning to build up. Then I saw the comments. Man, like wow. #Liquid fuel rockets are too much bother. Cut-outs take much less time.

Now look, fellas, cut this business out. I AM LES GERBER! HE'S ME! I AM NOT A FRAUD! I AM REALLY LES GERBER!

What, I would like to ask, was wrong with "A Mirror for Observers," one of the finest s-f novels I've ever read. (In fact, I'd say it's one of the two best, the other being "A Case of Conscience," which you should nominate for a Hugo!)

Yas, TCarr editorials are good reading, but TCarr doesn't look like Bjo. I saw a picture (color) of Carr at Adkins' place. He looks like a cross between Boris Karloff and a football player. ((Nonsense! Terry looks more like the boy in Jules Feiffer's "Sick, Sick, Sick" who is reviewing "Terry and the Yangtze Peril." --Just picture TCarr reviewing CRY!))

Who else do you know with a fannish name? There's a big husky kid in my school named John Berry, and I saw a golfer recently named Toski--Bob Toski, the shortest professional golfer, incidentally.

I jump on Ted White. His review of TWIG in VOID #15 was one of the most offensive pieces of writing I've ever seen. He tromps on Terwilliger and on TWIG for three or four pages--and what for? It's certainly not good constructive criticism. There may be good destructive criticism but this wasn't that either. It was just pages of Ted White trying to show to everybody how W*I*T*T*Y and P*E*R*C*E*P*T*I*V*E he is at Terwilliger's expense, and it made me more than slightly sick.

I'd like to borrow "The Enchanted Duplicator" ((done)) or, if anyone has a copy they don't need, I'd buy one for a price which is low enough for me to afford. I'd also like to buy copies of "The Harp Stateside" or any other famous one-shots if I can get them reasonably. But I stand up for Berry as the equal of Willis. They're too different to say that one is better than the other. It's hard to be a Willis fan, just as it's hard to be a T. L. Sherred fan--they're both very good, but it's so far between pieces. On the whole, Berry gives me more enjoyment because he writes so much more.

Why should "The Moswell Plan" be a hoax? "Titus Groan" wasn't.

Say, people can always send me fanzines for comment, if they're marked "For Comment" or something similar. I've started to write some material, too, and I often hand it out to total strangers who impress me favorably. And I also trade UMGLICK, but that's something rather to be avoided. So come on, Ted, Ellis, etc. I get an average of only one or two fanzines a week, and sometimes none. Get on the ball!

All in all, this is one of the best CRYs within my membership in CRYdom. Gee, I wonder if that's because I had just 15 lines... ((or because your name was mentioned 35 times.))

e pluribus onion,
Leslie S. Gerber
201 Linden Blvd.

Brooklyn 26, New York

((The reason I don't send CRYs for trades is that tradezines are too hard to keep track of, being as how there are very few other monthlies, and very few are regular. By sending copies to zines reviewed, we will at least be giving issue for issue--and it's better if zines are sent to individuals up here than to CRY collectively--since CRY is a joint project; so if we miss a fanzine badly enough, we sub, or write to the editors, or something like that....BRT)) ((Re Raeburn-Weaver: Many faneds trade their zines only for certain approved fanzines. To turn down a fanzine for trade is certainly much more hurtful to its editor's feelings than to turn down a mere boughten prozine. --Okay, so Boyd doesn't give a damn for Weaver. How many people do give a damn for somebody they've never met, know absolutely nothing about, and have had no contact with? Do you suppose that, late in '54, when I wrote Walt Willis for a subscription to HYPHEN--my very first fanzine--Willis gave a damn about me? If he had I'd have thought he was nuts. --On the other hand, I certainly do feel that sending 25¢s out of Australia seems an awful drag. If Boyd would publish monthly like good ol' CRY Weaver prob'ly be glad to send him \$2. People who publish every other year deserve to be offered VARGO STATTON. #No faned gives a damn about a subscriber until he's had a couple good letters of comment from him. #I already said what was wrong with "Mirror for Observers"--Pangborn's characters/talk in the same tone of voice; read some more Pangborn and see for yourself. "A Case of Conscience" was an intensely interesting book, but it wasn't one of the ten best, let alone two. #I agree with you about Ted White. Or did-- Ted explained his position so sweetly in DISJECTA MEMERA--2 I feel all warm and kindly toward him again and c rfluend out my original fierce remarks.

--Oh well, come

to think of it, Terwilliger's making the top ten in FANAC does render him fair game. #I think Willis is a better writer than Berry. Berry has a gloriously exuberant imagination, but Willis has Impeccable Taste. Much of Berry's stuff I like immensely; some I just don't dig. Almost every sentence I've ever read by Willis has rung most pleasantly in my ears.))

SILVERBERG'S AMONG THE GOLD

Dear Nameless:

At a recent gathering of enthusiasts of imaginative literature held in New York City under the auspices of The Lunarians, and attended by such celebrated personages as Lester del Rey, Avram Davidson, Judith Merrill, and Ivar Jorgenson, it was my very great pleasure to meet one Leslie Steven Gerber, a member of (I think) Fourteenth Fandom, whose name has been known to arise in the amateur publication CRY OF THE NAMELESS from time to time in various columns, articles, and such.

Inasmuch as this Gerber appears to be a major force in the carrying-forward of the noble standard of imaginative literature, I thought it judicious to obtain his autograph now, while such signatures could be had without premium. And, inasmuch as I have been duly informed that my subscription to your sterling publication no longer has validity, I am taking the liberty of enclosing the Gerber autograph for your archives. You need not credit me with more than a two-year subscription in return. These little benefactions should not obligate you to any greater extent than that.

By way of lagniappe (for what could be comparable to a Gerber autograph?) I enclose a card bearing the insignificant signatures of Bob Tucker, Ron Bennett, Robert Bloch, Redd Boggs, Marion Z. Bradley, and myself, among others. This last is enclosed out of a spirit of charity.

With all kindest regards,

Cordially,
Alexander Blade (Robert Silverberg)
915 West End Ave.
New York 25, N. Y.

((Better you should have sent a piece of inlaid parchment with portrait of Thomas Jefferson, with the autograph of the Secretary of the Treasury thereon....BRT)) ((Your signature on the bottom of a check might also suffice. --Better yet--send us a letter every issue. #The quote card was pretty cute, but unfortunately it's now full and our delicate sense of honor forces us to return it to Ron Bennett, its rightful owner.))

STILL WORKING HIS WAY UP

CRY Havoc,

Renfrew Pemberton: Years ago (about 1938, no later) I read all the magazine science fiction that I bought. Since then my purchases have been bigger than my head. Recently Pemby came along and read them for me. But the end is near--I don't have time to read Pemby.

I went to the Hobby Show in LA, but didn't see SF. Drn't people realize that SF and fandom is THE hobby? Saw some fanzines though; for example, one for matchbook-cover collectors, which had much non-matchbook material.

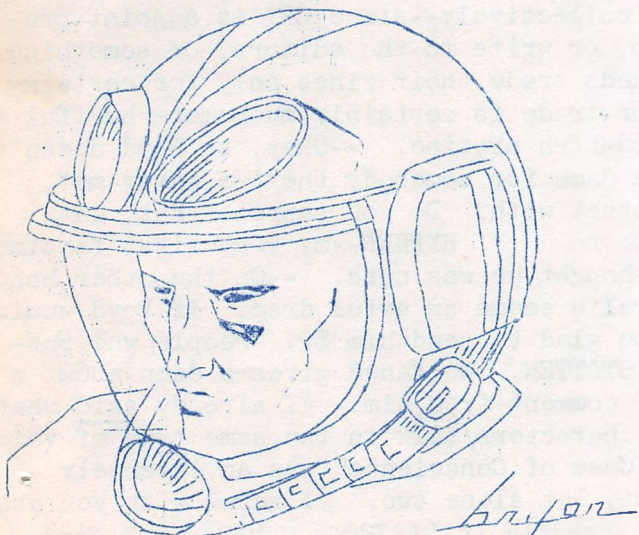
Guess the pen-names contest: Mrs. Croggle is Bob Bloch. ((No.)) (If you say no, it's Bob Leman, I'm still right--Leman is Bloch.) ((No.)) W. Marland Frenzel is Rich Brown. ((Don, this just isn't your day.)) John Berry is Walt Willis--there couldn't be two fans in Month's hideous mystery: What does ^{Belfast} do with two CRYs? One to read and one to...? Stick pins in? Translate into Esperanto? De-

posit in the Library of Congress? Or something more monstrous?

Agree with Rick Sneary that "superman" shouldn't have the Nazi or Nietzsche meaning. Deceit is not a superman virtue--it is not even cleverness, as it only works once.

Thanks to Moffatt's song, CRY is no longer unsung.

CRY-villain Boyd is getting too villainous. Too straight-faced. Smile. CRY is only a hoax, you know, and all the letter-hacks figments of Toskey's imagination.



Addition to Rich Brown's list of fan names used by non-fans: Jim Moran is a Character who does funny publicity stunts.

Also, I have a picture in Hering's Foibles and Fallacies of Science (dated 1924, probably a hard-to-get book, but it is something like Martin Gardner's Fads and Fallacies in the Name of Science.) This is a photograph of a frowning, sedately-dressed man holding a forked stick, captioned: "Sylvanus J. Busby locating underground water at Whitingham." A relative, Euz?

Yours,
Donald Franson
6543 Babcock Ave.
North Hollywood, Calif.

((I don't mind at all when you accuse all the letterhacks of being figments of my imagination, because they really are, you know. But you just didn't go far enough, because the Entire World is simply a figment of my imagination. Now if some of you figments would just learn to behave....BRT)) ((Don, you read the piece by the late Vernon McCain reprinted in VOID--about jazz fanzines. Buz and I used to sub to a dachshund fanzine and two dianetic-offshoot fanzines. & so now there's matchbook-collector fanzines! 'Twould surely be interesting to hear about all these non-stiffish zines.))

THE POOR FAN'S WILLIS

Life is bring and brish, as Thurber once said,

ATom has indeed captured CRY's covers, but I have no objection as long as they continue to capture me in their humor, as, indeed, this one does.

What superlative can I now heap upon "The S-F Field Plowed Under"? Can I get by with saying that it is marvelous, wonderous, excellent, or fabulous? Is this enough to describe the column which tied with "The Harp That Once or Twice" for first place? Will mere superlatives do? I am happy for Buz, of course, but it does pose somewhat of a problem. What kind of superlatives are good enough for The Best?

While I'm on the subject, I might as well gloat at Buz in print. I had a letter from him, thanking me for my loyalty & all thzt, but saying that CRY by its very nature, wasn't likely to get in the Top Ten. I point with pride to the recent FANAC poll, especially to the places where Buz's column won first place and CRY was put in the Top Ten. It's an unusual situation indeed where one can gloat over a person because of that person's success, and I'm proud, I say, proud to be in that predicament.

Good old W. Marland Frenzel again, with a story as good as his last to appear in the CRY. I know that W. Marland Frenzel is for real, having had letters from him; yet tho all his stuff has been good so far, he doesn't seem to have been given much credit. I think it might possibly be because his name is W. Marland Frenzel and that sounds like a penname. Nonetheless, this story was much enjoyed by me.

Berry's fannish tv program quite good, and in the same fine Berry style. This prompts me to ask a question of some learned stf-reader in the audience; some time ago, there was a story in some prozine (FU, I think, but I might be wrong) that begins "The president of the United States sat twirling the props on his beanie." I would like to get this story and read it; Ted Johnstone tells me it was faan-fiction, much in the line of the things Berry is writnng in CRY now.

Terry Carr is still writing fabulous editorials for CRY. This, no doubt, means that Terry has taken over the CRY, along with the other 90% of fandom. (I'm being facetious, Elinor).

The Green Hordes of the Great Egg is, like, wow. Especially beautiful ending, tied into the very last word, and very effective. Things like this I would like to write, if I only could.

Scrambled dialogue is good, too.

My own column is only slightly disappointing to me. Especially the ratings on same-- what I'm going to have to do is set down a certain issue of some zine, say, for each number, so I can get the right idea of just what each rating means. For instance, this issue, most apparently--Shaggy #41 should have had a higher rating than #40.

Mhminutes as good as ever, if not better, despite what everyone else is saying. Es-

pecially the last line. It was so perfect that I turned the page expecting to find more minutes, and instead found

CRY OF THE READERS, which is also as good as it ever was.

On this cover deal. Are you going to work it the way PLANET used to? That is, everyone votes for the two best letters, and you tally the votes? There's no mention. But assuming this to be true, I vote for E. Morton Cox and Len Moffatt.

Elinor Busby: Gee, I think I have almost as much to say to you as I do to any two or three regular letterhacks; which may be considered the advantage or disadvantage of being editor of the letter-column. #Yes, OMPA is the Official Organ of the Sousa Fan Club. The prime object of the club is to get Sousa'd to the eardrums. #If you want to get technical about it, Burbee liked the sound of his own voice on Cyrus B. Condra's wire recorder. #You have a way of putting in Huh? that makes me wonder if you don't understand or if you're just boggling under the strain of the statement made. Bob Leman's plot wondering, in a sense, gave it a sense of wonder, for instance. ((Huh?)) #I kind of goofed up what I was saying about fandoms. What I meant was, I considered 7th Fandom to be 7th Fandom because of the type of personality it generally produced--Ellison, Vorzimer, Browne, and so forth. And the fact that Dean Grennell was a 7th Fandomite kind of spoiled that theory. #But Elinor, "The Enchanted Duplicator" isn't strictly faan-fiction, in a sense. It's faan-fiction in the same sense that "Cacher of the Rye" is faan-fiction; it's faanish parody (TED, of course, being a parody of Pilgrim's Progress.) It's more than faan-fiction, in my opinion. Certainly nothing will beat it; or if it does, it'll have to be pretty damned good. It'll have to be better than perfect, in fact. "The Enchanted Duplicator" shouldn't be something to compare how good, say, "The Fan Who Hated Quote Cards" is, because, though they're both faan-fiction, they belong in two categories. They're both outstanding examples, in their own right.

Rick Sneary: I'm more than a pessimist, Rick, I'm a disbeliever. I don't believe in heroes. Just as deroes were a creation of Richard S. Shaver's imagination, so heroes are mostly creations of other authors' imaginations. What makes a real hero is just a guy a little less villainous than the villain. ((Pooh. Nonsense!))

Bob Lambeck: I've heard of you. I know I have. But I can't place you. Doggone. #Here's something on this brain-cell business: sometimes I start listening to noises very closely. The noises start getting louder and louder. And then I can't control it any more; the noises seem to be forcing themselves on me, louder and louder. It's a very sickening feeling, because the noises have emphasis. Sometimes I stop the noise (like the tv, or the typewriter, or the radio or record-player or whatever) and I can hear people talking (in what is a normal, but over-emphasizing voice) down at the end of the block, or upstairs next door with clarity and distinction. Disturbing.

Donald Franson: Yours is the only Good Plan for keeping the CRY down to 40pp. You are a Good Man. #But Don, old man, it's scientifically provable that the universe is all in your (or my) mind.

Len Moffatt: Your parody just fabulous, despite the lack of title. And I agree, of course. #No, I don't agree with Berry on taperespondence, either. My first tape may not have been any masterpiece, but then, neither was my first letter. I was up at Stanbery's yesterday, where he and I and Ted Johnstone finished a tape to Miriam and TCarr, and did one for Harry Warner Jr. Who knows, Boyd Raeburn may be next (beware the ides of May, Boyd). Letter-writing, ghod knows, isn't nearly as spontaneous as taperespondence. And there's a lot to be done on tape that can't be done by letter.

Jim Moran: I think maybe I am the gink what finked--snif--it sounded so mysteriously mysterious when I wrote it. In cold print it looks more like a dead giveaway; being toward the center of the hand, you may now extend thyself upwards, while the rest all bow, and point yourselves in my direction.

E. Morton Cox: Whenever anyone likes the CRY lettercolumn, I kind of sit back and glow. I feel it's partly my fault; I kind of started the fad. Oh, heck now, I'd better not go into the subject, or I might start getting nostalgic. Or like Ray Nelson is about the beanie.

Leslie Gerber: It took me a while, too, to catch on that Agberg was Silverberg. But somewhere back in my limitless store of knowledge lies the fact that Ag. is the chemical symbol for silver. So once I grasped this fully, it never bothered me again.

Bill Meyers: It is simple to change Gestetner colors. Or, at least, there's less sticky bother. However, it costs a mite more. You can replace your ink pad on a regular machine usually for no more than 50¢. The Gestetner has a silk screen and rollers that have to be replaced; hence, a color change kit costs around \$25.

Bruce Pelz: I keep saying that someday CRY will be #1. Yes, it will. It's come out of nowhere to 8th place in the last year. It shall, indeed, someday be #1. Like you say, it has something to please everyone; besides, it's regular enough to be a Focal Point. Onward, upward, excelsior, etc. for the ghoo'd ol' CRY.

Ted Pauls: Come on, kid, try writing a nice long letter to the CRY. I'd like to see more of you in the letter column, too, you know.

And so here I am, having commented on another CRY. And I can't hardly wait to start the next one.

All best,
Rich Brown
127 Roberts St.
Pasadena 3, Calif.

((Personally, I didn't care much for Franson's plan for holding CRY to 40 pp, being that it necessitated coming out twice a month, which means twice as much WORK. I think the best thing would be to ship Rich Brown up to Seattle and put HIM to work on the letter-col--as if he'd have any more luck horning in on it than I have; but he'd have fun trying. Maybe if he comes up to the Westercon, he'll never go back. #I doubt that CRY will ever become the #1 fanzine, certainly not in a poll conducted by FANAC--especially when you consider the plans we have of cutting out the lettercol, reducing to 20 pages, going quarterly, and charging \$1 per ish...BRT)) ((Haven't figured out how to work illo deal. Thought competition should be only betwixt those particularly interested; only a few admitted to being interested, and only (I think) two of those stated specifically what they were interested in, and in both cases it was Ric West covers, which I do not have and about which I could hardly care less. Ric West isn't even a FAN, for CRYsake. #I believe Dean Grennell was amember of 7th Fandom for a relatively short period of time. It shouldn't be held against him. I wouldn't dream of sneering at you and Bruce Pelz and Bob Ieman for being members of the N3F. Or anybody else, for that matter. #Buz says he thinks that over-extended hearing is a rather common occurrence during adolescence.))

LIBEL! CRIES DORCAS BAGBY WHITTIER
Miss Gray:

I have obtained a copy of the CRY OF THE NAMELESS MAGAZINE containing a 'counter-review' of a book which my sainted grandmother is purported to have written. This article shocked me greatly because it is a fabrication entirely from whole cloth and impugns the memory of a dear, sweet, frail lady whose name I have erenow borne with dignity and quiet pride.

I feel that I must protest the article and shall be constrained to initiate legal proceedings if you do not publicly retract the article and apologize for the scandalous imputations of your statements.

My grandmother, Dorcas Bagby, although a prolific writer of exemplary stories for young people, never wrote a book entitled "The Moswell Plan".

Furthermore, she never wrote in the vein of the horror story; she frequently publicly deplored the tendency of other, lesser writers of her day to strive for the vulgar mass audience with cheaply sensational penny dreadfuls and suspenseful spine-chilling novels.

None of my grandmother's characters in all her many books remotely approach the evil you ascribe to Dulcie Fimber. Grandmother Dorcas was a firm believer in the inherent goodness of human nature and strove to represent the nobler aspects of life in her characterizations.

The most outrageous of your statements concerns the purported illicit alliances with famous men and quotes 'Hardcastle' as the source for the information. I should be obliged if you would give me further data on this supposed reference since I am strongly minded to initiate proceedings against the scoundrel. My grandmother's life was a model of decorum. It could hardly have been otherwise in the small Spanish village in which she was raised.

She was treated with the same respect, and her conduct was safeguarded with the same rigor, as the daughters of the village Don, who was my great-grandmother's patron. (Great-grandmother Bagby was an accomplished landscape artist whose portrayals of the peaceful Spanish countryside were in great demand for many years in the better homes of England.) Grandmother was properly married, at the age of twenty-five, to my grandfather, Cadwallader Higginbotham, and she remained by his side faithfully until his death fifty years later. She followed him to the family crypt at Ealing-on-Thames six months afterward. She continued the use of her maiden name in her writings solely because she was already well-beloved of a generation of English youth at the time of her marriage.

Ever since I discovered the slanders which you and that Mr. Leman have perpetrated upon my grandmother's virtuous name I have lived in constant worry that some of the ladies of the Esmeralda circle might obtain a copy of your scurrilous attacks and draw an entirely erroneous conclusion as to the character of my wonderful ancestor. If you do not present me with assurances that you will have published in the same medium as your original review a public retraction and apology and furnish me with five copies of the apology I shall be forced to refer the entire sordid affair to my attorneys.

Sincerely,
Dorcas Bagby Whittier
1578 Wimberely Drive
Arlington, Texas

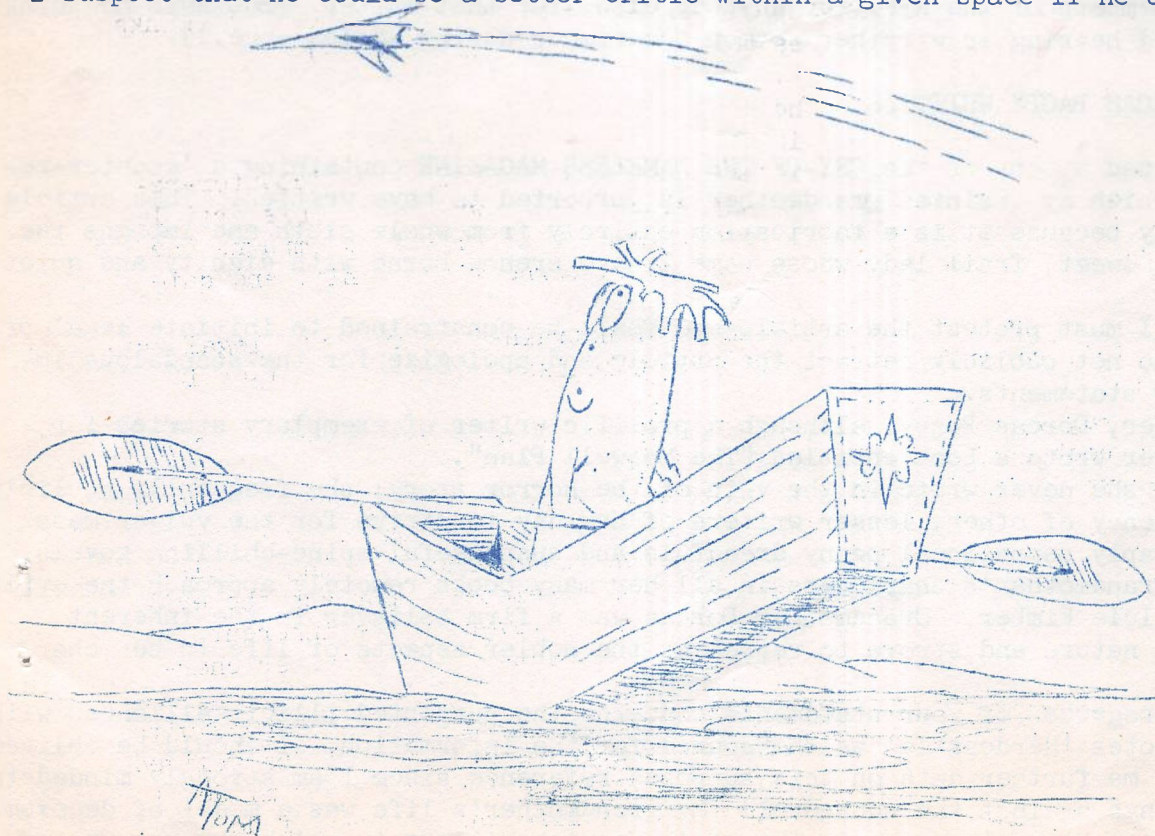
((Obviously we are talking about two entirely different Dorcas Bagbys. The authoress of "The Moswell Plan" never married, was never any nearer to Spain than Toledo, Ohio, was utterly abhorred by English youth, and vice versa. At least, so Hardcastle (1866-1923) states in his essay: "Dorcas Bagby, a latter-day Joan of Arkansas." #You may reassure the ladies of the Esmeralda Circle that it is quite impossible for the authoress of "The Moswell Plan" to have become your grandmother, as our Dorcas Bagby was plagued by a violent irrational hatred of men named Higginbotham or Mills. ...EGG))

FAIR & WARNER (comment on 125)

Dear Buz:

...I don't read many prozines and can't compare notes with Renfrew Pemberton. But I suspect that he could be a better critic within a given space if he didn't try to men-

tion every story and expatiated at some length on those most deserving comment. #On the other hand, I definitely have read enough prozines to savor the full delights of Science-Fiction Forever! and I would agree that there is enough material available for a long series on this basic idea. #Walt Willis was exceptionally good. Some people marvel at the ability of a few people like Willis and Gren-



nell to turn an apparently trivial event into a long, interesting article; I think they miss the whole point, which is the fact that the most cosmic and eternal-verity conclusions and morals can often be drawn from these apparent trivialities, simply by deducing the general from the particular. #Berry is also excellent. #If that dousing rod technique really works, I must tell the local school superintendent about it. When the county built a senior high school 35 years ago, they tried to do it for the least possible expenditure, and didn't waste money on such things as a complete set of plans or blueprints. The workmen who put in the plumbing have died or moved away by now. Every time there's a leak, it's necessary to dig a half-dozen or more holes into the floors and walls in an effort to find where the pipes run in that part of the building, because there's no existing map of their location. #The Authentic Replica has the neatest punchline of anything in this issue. I don't think anyone but a child can make the things that you build out of cereal packages operate, just as only a child could get those hula hoops back into operation in those long-ago days when the fad was prevalent. #The letter section is pretty much a loss to me since I don't know anything about the materials and statements that are the topics for comments, and quite a few of the letter-writers are just names to me. The puns and bright remarks at the tops of the letters made it worth plowing through the entire section, in any event....

Harry Warner, Jr.
423 Summit Avenue
Hagerstorn, Maryland

((As readers of HORIZONS well know, Walt Willis and Dean Grennell are not the only people who can turn apparently trivial events into long interesting articles. & if you would write such an article for CRY, we would appreciate it NO END.))

USS TRIMBLE PUTS UP A FLARE

(FMB)

Greetings ol' Fabulous Seattle Fandom:

CRY #126 here staring me in the face. Djinn Faine/Shaggy's copy this time. I'm still partial to blue gestetnering on white, and ATom covers, both of which you supply.

E. Marvelous Cox is just that. The sound effects of last month's piece made it, and that last line does it this time. Talked with Ed t'other night, and he seemed unsure of his middle name. Now, if we keep this up, we'll have him so confused that he'll have to continue to contribute to CRY in hopes that his original middle name will reappear, thru chance, and that he'll recognize it. This should take a year or two, and by then you'll have figured out another way to hold him.

You know, one of these days Berry is going to top Brandon/Carr's "Cacher of the Rye," and it'll be twice as good for being original instead of a parody. A little less slapstick than "Sage and Onionheads," like, and many-many times as long, as he's on his way.

CRYing Over Bent Staples--for the life of me, I can't figure out Brown's rating system. Maybe it's a hoax?

Well, I see that Bjo's spacemen, Zip and Zap, have made the lettercol again. I'm gonna ask her which is which. Seems to me that the one with the crew-cut should be Zip, but you never know. They're her brain-chilluns, afer all. ((Tell Bjo to please send us some more.))

Say, that VARGO STATTEN from Cox isn't one with some Ellick & Trimble scrawlings inside, is it? We palmed one off on Ed once as a fake-gift when he had his back turned, wasn't home, and could get ahold of us to palm it back. And ever since, he's gotten a mad gleam in his eye when anyone's mentioned VS. Always wondered if he'd burn it, swap it, or sneak it off on some other unsuspecting, defenseless soul, or like that. Ron and I were coming to regard it as Ed Cox's Albatross. ((Whosever's it may have been originally, it is now Making Its Home in the Fenden.))

Again the last line made a piece--I mean "Mhinutes".

And with glad cries of BJO FOR TAFF, I'll stop blathering and you can throw this in the "also heard from" section.

((Unfortunately, you don't get to appear in the "Also Heard From" column, says Elinor. #I disagree that Berry's stuff is slapstick; Berry's stuff is

Heigh-de-ho
John Trimble
5201 E. Carson St.
Long Beach 8, California

really the Berries
with me, so be careful
what you say...BRT))

A LEONA IN THE STREETS

CRYkey!

Berry's "Sage and Onionheads"--well, I think I ran out of superlatives in comments on the last few Berry stories. This one, to me, was better than "Age Shall Not Wither Them" and almost as good as "Way to the Stars." Mostly, I guess, when so many are excellent stories, the ranking is purely a matter of opinion. But whence the title? And some sort of award should be made for the line "...a title which she lost last Thursday week..."

Rich's reviews are still reasonable, tho I can't see rating FANAC and HORIZON the same. And I suppose Meyers will write in and advise you that the review was of SPECTRE 4, not 5. A lot of people, myself included, have complained about John Berry's cutting the GDA material in RETRIBUTION. It occurs to me that, much as GDAddicts may like the stuff--and I'm rabid in praise of almost every GDA piece I've read--John may be getting just a little tired of his creation. Perhaps he doesn't want to be continually identified with The Goon--perhaps he'd like to find another niche in the realm of fannish writings. Personally I hope the hell this isn't so, but if it is, I think some cooperation is in order. Maybe someone else could publish GDA stuff?

Mminutes continue to improve over Sheconds. I agree with whoever in the lettercol suggested getting rid of the 'h' in Mminutes. If I can drop my formula-signature, Wally can get the 'h' out of there. ((Right!))

I hereby retract any unkind things I may have thought about Raeburn. Since I hold the Lehrer pieces to be satire rather than parody, I saw nothing strange about my statement. But I shall reword my original statement, and maybe things will be clearer: I'm surprised that the meter and rhyme scheme of the Lehrer songs haven't been borrowed for fan-verse before Mercer's "I Want to go Back to Wesfes." This should cancel any idea that I was referring to the ideas in the songs. I still think they're satire, but be damned if I'll let a difference of opinion start a controversy. I think even Boyd must admit that Lehrer's songs are parodyable, whether they are satire, parody, or what-have-you.

Don Franson: Congratulations on that Berkeley bit. Well played indeed!

The humour is indeed upon the Moran again. As a pompous toad, he is a swell fellow. I don't think the Society Against Fantasy Epidemics will do much good against the SIFF. It will probably windup in a case of SNAFU. I understand that the SIFF has become allied with the Quaint and Querulous Queens of Quinsy, #2. (The first such organization was dissolved by a raid several years ago.) ((Okay, watch that stuff.))

Elinor, do I detect you calling me a Volisch agent? ((Yes.))

I see that E. M. Cox agrees that 'croggle' does not convey a meaning of pleasure. Until four or five dissenters--not counting you, Mrs. Croggle--say something convincing on the other side, I shall accept his notion.

Rich Brown: maybe that 'Raputznel' beginning was unoriginal, but I hadn't seen it before, and I liked it. Mighod, I've gotten so used to seeing a Brown letter in CRY that I didn't even realize you'd missed #125. Ha! Now I can try to beat the string of letters. According to my index (brag, brag) you also missed 101, 103, 106, 108, and 109. But that string of 13 will be difficult to beat.

Speaking of fannish names in unfannish circumstances: in Miama there is a 'Coulson's Rambler' auto store. And guess what car one Buck Coulson has been screaming he'd like to own? Uh-huh.

Okay, Meyers, I'm croggled too--mainly I'm croggled over this 'croggle' mess.

Erratically,
Bruce Pelz
4010 Leona Street
Tampa 9, Fla.

((I note that you ignore me in this letter of yours completely. The fact that I'm hardly mentioned in the CRY these days is, of course, no excuse. Perhaps you don't realize that it is only through the Grace of Toskey that you get CRY at all. #As I see it, there is nothing wrong with Wally putting h's in his names and titles if he wants to. He can put as many h's in as he wants to--just so long as he continues to write the things. That's the important thing....BRT)) ((For myself, I agree with Rich Brown, and wish Wally would stop hitting the 'h'. Wally wrote Minutes for years and years, and I can't help thinking he could do so again, if he really tried.))

MERCER EYES CRY 125

Dear Busbies and like that.

CRY 125 to hand, I have now subbed incidentally. For a year. No 124 never rolled up--I guess Toskey MUST a forgotten. If you should just happen to have one about it'd still be appreciated, particularly as to get full value out of any given issue of a fanzine it is necessary to have read the previous issue. But anyway, on to 125, which I found better than 123. Possibly because it WAS better, I wouldn't know, like.

Zinereviews - rain on Venus - the Willis - all Approved. I've never before heard of "The Moswell Plan", so I'm not sure whether this article's meant to be taken seriously or not, but on the whole I tend to think probably not. Berry --but I thought Franson was a dirty pro like? ((We'd never hold that against him.)) I'm sure I've seen his name in NEBULA or somewhere recently. How does he get into this epic--maybe there's more to him than meets the eye. ((Yup.)) (I KNEW I should have waited for 124 first). ((Nope.)) 'Tis OK, this Berryarn, anyway.

This much at least I read on the train to Birmingham for the Con. Somewhere around here I went along the corridor looking for the usual offices, and spied through a carriage window Ron Bennett, Terry Jeeves, and Phil Rogers (of Scunthorpe). Somehow, the rest of the CRY didn't get finished until I was back home again. ('Twas a goodly con, natch, despite hostility from the hotel and a dump of a town to boot). More miscellaneous comments, haven't time to mention them individually, but I liked Gerber's paper-rocket bit.

The only thing about these Gilbert&Sullivan parodies that Bruce (The Formula) Pelz is so adept in churning out is that, good though they are, they presumably require familiarity with the original on the part of the reader in order for their full effect to be felt. Which, through an unfortunate flaw in my education, I lack. The same, of course, can be applied equally to parodies on Tom Lehrer. Come to remember it, when I first began to read and write-in-to fanzines, I had some very hard words to say about contributors who assumed familiarity on the part of the readership with things I wasn't familiar with. But anyway, most of these Pelz ditties go with a swing in their own right, so he's not altogether wasting his time.

To your lettercol--talking of weak puns, by the way, you're getting mighty close to the bottom of the barrel with some of your letter-titles, aren't you? ((Too true.)) This Esmond Adams reminds me irresistibly of the old (not-so-old, rather, pretty recent come to think of it but old as fannish time is reckoned) letterhacks in the pulpzines. And you know what happened to THEM. Therefore I venture to prophesy Great Things for young Es. Without those prozine lettercols, by the way, he's lucky to have found the fanzines. I wonder how many more potential Chad Olivers and the like don't know what they're missing now the prozines are trying to be respectable, like?

Jim Caughran tries valiantly to prove I'm more than just a nobody--but then he's never actually MET me, only spoken to me on the phone. Little Does He Know--still, it's nice to know one has friends, even if they may be only a disembodied voice with a midwestern (or something) accent. For the record, incidentally, I don't entirely restrict myself to OMPA, though that and the BSFA tend to take up between them quite a good portion of my fanning time. I still appear not infrequently in general fanzines--usually British ones, though. I have a column now running in RETRIBUTION for instance, I had an article in a recent APE, and a story sort of thing in TRIODE. Still, I'm not in the least surprised that Gerber hadn't heard of me. I don't think I'd heard of him before I received CRY 123. Had heard of you, though.

Mercatorially as ever,
Archie Mercer,
434/4, Newark Road,
North Hykeham,
Lincoln, England

((As ye may know by now, I've finally sent you #124, but that because you finally PAID for it. You just don't get anything from ME for nothing--not

unless you make an enemy of me, and I decide it is worthwhile to ruin your life with CRY. But now, fool that you are, you've sold your own soul...BRT))((Archie, sometimes that ol' Toskey gets completely out of hand. I'm afraid that, in asking him to send you 124, I forgot the magic ingredient--chocolate cake. I should remember that Toskeys run best on goodies.))

LICKED, MAN

Dear Elinor:

Another excellent ATom cover. I recall that in the lettercol several people have made disparaging remarks about so many ATom covers, and, Elinor, I really think you should place a stencil in Garcone's cage and tell it to scrawl a coverillo for next issue. Then you can have all the ATom covers you want, and people will remember this Garky cover and still their complaints.

I rather like the green logo this time. I've been looking at these FLABBERGASTINGS Toskey sent, and I see that besides the red and green, black and a sort of maroon are available. Perhaps you should jazz up the interior of CRY with some multigraphed headings. Or would that take up too much time to fit into your monthly schedule? ((yes.))

All this hoax-talk on the contents page leads me to a conclusion: namely, that the only Seattle-fen that really exist are the Pembertons, Garcone, and Holocaust. And if that's the case, this letter should be headed "Dear Amelia" or (gak) "Dear Lorence".

I've a suggestion to make concerning the price of the Tenth Annish (which sounds like it'll be 100 pages, what with tnn years of index). This: Charge 75¢ for it to non-subscribers, 50¢ to subscribers (or two on their sub), and 25¢ to the people who normally get it gree for one reason or another. This would be a suitable setup, with the possible exception of the last part. I'll amend it to read: "and free to the people who normally get it free...", which is better for us cliquish-types who are too cheap to pay, and write letters instead. ((Hah! I liked your first thought better.))

Don Franson loaned me his copies of CRY from 116-119, and though I've returned them I'd like to make some observations on the improvement of the CRY kn the past 11 issues.

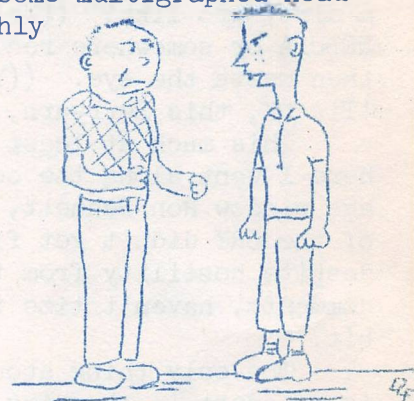
As others have already told you, there's definitely been a vast improvement, particularly on the editing end. Those four CRYs Don lent me were extremely juvenile as far as stories went. As a matter of fact, the only parts of them I really could call literate are the prozine reviews, Amelia's fmz reviews (why doncha bring them back, sometime?) ((Never!)), and Wally's minutes. The rest of the issues, with but a few exceptions, were not worth the fine Gestetner reproduction they were graced by. The lettercolumns in these old CRYs were nothing much to speak of, comment-wise. (Now, oldtime CRYhacks, don't enfuriate yet; I've more to say.) True, they were wild and almost un-edited, but they possessed a certain flavor that the ones now lack. Esprit de corps, I think it is. Reviewers have damned the lettercolumns in these old CRYs as being unintelligible, but they were (& are) intelligible to the people concerned. Summing up CRYs 116-119, I find them very cliquish and in-groupish (does this make me another George W lls?), but definitely enjoyable, even to an outsider like me (I was an outsider to those lettercolumns, but not to the current ones).

Passing on to the CRYs I own, I find the greatest improvement from one issue to the next came between 121 and 122. Anyone who remembers the contents of these will see what I mean. Back-tracking to the Elinor-edited letter sections, I find that they became better edited (no reflection on Toskey), by which I mean a lot of the unneeded chatter and repetition was scissored out (right, Elinor?) and only the best parts of the letters left in. Commenting material-wise on the articles and stories contained in #s 122-126 (present), I can only say that they have been steadily improving in quality, and the end seems not to be in sight. The lettercol, as you all know, has become excellent. ((Thanks to all you noble CRYhacks.))

But I see it's about time I commented on 126:

Tell Buz that I rather enjoyed the new format on the prozine reviews. They read a lot easier this way, and seem less pedantic. If it's at all possible, I'd like to see this practice continue.

Whoever the hell Marland Frenzel is, he/she/it has been taking writing lessons over the past few months. That's the only way I can explain the surprisingly good writing in



"My fanzine can lick
your fanzine."

this vignette of his. And seeing as this is the first bit of fan-fiction I've read of his, I've no way to tell if he does better on it than on this other stuff he turns out. If this is his first attempt at it, I'd suggest heartily that he give up writing the other stuff and concentrate on turning out longer (& I trust, better) pieces for CRY.

The writing on this Marsh Crinkle episode is nearly flawless, certainly, but the plot seems to lack foundation ("I Dreamed I Dissected My Plot-Line In My Maidenform Bra.") Stories like this always do to me: I mean the ones that assume that fandom is going to be all the public fad in the future. Of course, it's very improbable; few people are suited to be fans. Anyway, how would you like sending out CRY to 15,173 people? Think of the stack of paper you'd need to print that many? Think of the stamps you'd have to lick? And you'd have to stenofax every stencil because Gestetner doesn't print that many on an ordinarily-cut stencil. #But, regardless of my preferences, John can keep wrtting this sort of thing as long and as often as he wishes.

Carr's column was the best it's been yet; Bjo's heading was exceptional. I laugh heartily at all of these short vignettes (which is, after all, what the column is composed of), and especially at the line "...how do you know so much about the anatomy of fanzines?" Good stuff, the sort that will be reprinted time and again starting in about five years or so, as space fillers at the ends of articles.

I did enjoy "The Green Horde of the Great Egg". Muchly so. How many more of these have you left to print? A lot, I hope? ((Two in the backlog, but Ed is writing more.))

Mike Deckinger's story (dialogues, I mean) seemed perfectly placed, seeing as they were on the same general subject as Cox's story (that of debunking sf cliches). I liked it, but I have the strangest feeling I've read it, or something just like it, somewhere before. Do you ever get that feeling, Elinor? ((Deja vu, no doubt.))

Rich's fmz reviews seemed sort of dated to me. Are you sure they weren't misplaced about a month ago, Elinor? ((Not by me--Rich missed the previous deadline.)) They're about that dated--one month. Rich is gaining facility in his reviews; even though he does stress a lot of things that are of importance only to him, and to his ideas of fandom and fanzines. But then, doesn't every reviewer do that to a degree? ((I did, during my dreary days of fmz reviewing)). Just one of the idiosyncrasies of the trade.

4e: Garcone is getting what I've thought he deserved all along. If you do put the photo in FMOF, I, for one, will even buy the issue it appears in. Why don't you write to the CRY more often?

Marie Croggle????? All I can say is! Do you happen to correspond with Bob Leman?

Len Moffatt: Got a huge charge out of your CRYsong. How about a sequel entitled "My Blue Fenden?"

Jim Moran: I croggle at your statement that Sterling Fanzine was your first run-in with Willis' writings. You must be getting the wrong fanzines, maaan. I've only been in fandom about a year, and I can recount at least five other Willis works I've enjoyed in that short period. As a matter of non-interest, the very first fanzine I ever received contained Willis. Title of fmz: OOPSLA.

Ed Cox: I still disagree with everyone else on the "croggle" question. (Sort of a "One Against Eternity" type deal).

Rich Brown: I think that DAG did like the Jenrette cartoon sequence ((use of word "croggle")). If only for the fact that he mentioned it in a paragraph on his plans for material to go in the next issue.

Bill Meyers: I agree with you on preferring blue to black. True, all too true, that they've been spreading the ink too thin of late. How about it, gang, let's put a little more of that blooqgooo on the rollers, or wherever it is you put ink. ((At \$2.50 a can? Pooh!))

Elinor: By all means, you should get some proper stylos. ((Tosk loaned me two of his. But the Bryer illo a few pages back was put on at a Nameless meeting, with/beautiful Thalia Gestetner stylus.))

Yours,

Bob Lichtman

6137 S. Croft Ave.

Los Angeles 56, Calif.

((No doubt I should defend myself because of the fact that everybody seems to like the lettercols now that Elinor is editing them, which I did also, tho mayhap not so noticeably. However, I am quite happy to agree

with everybody on this point; which is why I decided that too long have I been denied the opportunity of torturing you readers with my presence, and that it was time I got in on a little of the fun...BRT))

ADKINS ON ART

Dear CRY hoaxers,

Thank you for the latest CRY with the good Atom cover. Above is one of the sketches I finally got around to putting ink to. ((Thanks--'twill appear next time. Nice.)) You'll find a LEE illo in here too.

Speaking of the boy, Clod Hall decided to use LEE's name and wrote about 12 nasty letters to eds one night and got him into hot water. One was to Ted White and another to Greg Benford. Ted dropped in here last week with the idea of crashing LEE but found Hall acting the part, who is over six feet tall. Ted decided to skip the matter. As you know LEE is only a teenager and frankly doesn't care for the Hall type trouble. White and his friends left kind of confused.

Pemberton was great as usual. It might have been his fault I read the novella in the last GALAXY. Said novella was pretty good and about the first stf I've read in ages. Enjoyed "A Constant Diversion"...who's Hartz supposed to be? ((Dunno.))

Skimmed through Carr's bit and got a few good laughs near the end. Nice heading there by honey babe Bjo. Rich Brown handles the fanzine reviews nicely. Disagree with him on FAR SIDE's art and Gregg Trend. I saw the first issue and Gregg wrote me for art-work for issue three, sending along the cover of two. The cover is a swipe from a Kelly Freas drawing in an old ASTOUNDING. Oh sure, I've used swipes myself now and then. Recall when I used to be wild about Wood and used swipes from him and made like his style. Good learning. But Trend draws like a serious artist, with his over-styling and messy blacks. He spoiled the Freas illo and for a guy who is attending art school, he should have more on the ball. He has little knowledge of balance, layout, direction and fakes everything by over-drawing. Like using loads and loads of lines, darks and just goofing off until you can't tell if he has a decent knowledge of the figure or not. FAR SIDE #1 seemed one big mess. The boy has them all fooled maybe...he's different, but with me, it's a poor difference. Finlay should be insulted. Of course Finlay works from photos. So does Barr, but I'll take Barr over Fake Trend any day. Some one should give Robert Gilbert credit. He's one of the most original artists in fandom. Bio is also. Reamy is more or less a straight copy-cat, but this boy admits it. I wonder if Gregg Trend would...Atom has his own style and pretty original. Eddie swipes...But that's enough of this. One of these days I think I'll just comment on all the artists...even take my own work apart maybe.

Good letter column. I doubt if Janette will get into fandom much. She had a story in SATA #6. Sold twice to some love magazines, but she has little interest in writing nowadays. If you read the story in SATA, you'll learn she doesn't write stf too well.

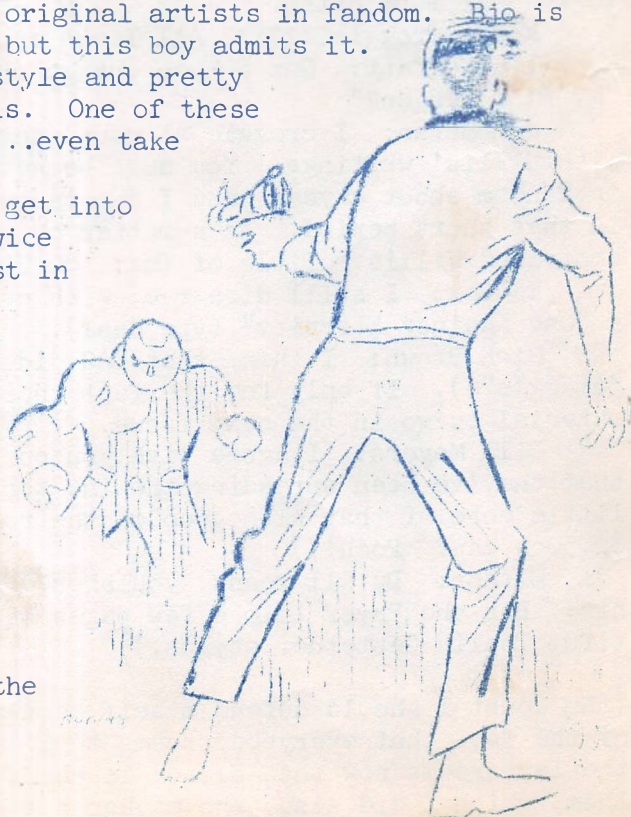
Best,
Dan Adkins
P.O. Box 203
Madison Square Stn.
New York 10, N.Y.

((Go ahead and comment on all the artists, Dan. It sounds pretty interesting.))

TF

Hi, Toots!

In #125 you said "He wants the original for the last cover" referring to me, then "Okay." When I wrote that, I never honestly expected to get it, but you said 'Okay' so I had hopes. So wot happened? I'm still waiting.



((That pic is still in an envelope addressed to you. I expect it will get to the postoffice shortly. Been looking for a piece of thin cardboard, and shall cut up stencil folder.)),
 DAMNIT! First I'm "also heard from" and now I'm used to make the format come out right! That does it! I swear I'll never again write a letter to CRY until

Next ish ,
 Ted Pauls
 1448 Meridene Drive
 Baltimore 12, Md.

((Alas, poor Ted Pauls! Two measly paragraphs survived the paper cutter! But we must save a little space for...))

THE ES

Creatures most highly esteemed;

I got a heck of a kick out of Gerber's "Authentic Replica". Even though it couldn't have been as good as the Berry and Cox and Willis items, I was more pleased with it. Sort of a pleasant surprise, I guess.

Dunno where these people get this folly about MHINUTES not so good as in days of yore. It still gives me much jolly. Maybe 'tis merely a way of having something to say about the column. And maybe such a way is what I need to give me something to say about Pemby.

Yes. Pemberton isn't doing very well these days.

The Unbiased Fanzine Reviews were far the finest in CRY the one two five th. And "Paving the Road to Hell" was pretty good, tho hard to rank much above or below the other contribs.

Idea: If the illo for Best Letter idea gets moving, how about sending out my old CRY drawings to the writers of worst letters? I bet that would discourage these neos outside the clique that we don't want. Hmph. Willis, Leman, Adkins, Dietz, Moffatt. Don't you people remember what Lonesome George said? We'll mistreat you if you don't go away.

One to 126: ((summarized)) I like the cover. Hoooooraaay for the Marsh Crinkle memoirs. I really enjoyed the fillers by Franson and Deckinger. I like Boyd Raeburn this time around, but still don't forgive him for the Deeck discussions. Jim Moran takes the cake among the letterhacks in #126. I dun see how he's just run into Willis, though. "The Harp Stateside" was one of my earliest faanish acquisitions, and HYPHEN was among the first zines I dug up money for. I have found that coat-hanger divining rods work quite well in all manner of searching, but lately I've been investigating the use of straightened pretzels....((No more, Es! No more! The end of CRY approaches. So I'll sign you off with what you started your letter:))

If yo' sweetheart seh' a letter of goo'bye,
 Iss no secret, you feel better, 'fyou write CRY.

((Tsk--if this letter had come in earlier it would have been printed virtually intact.))

Es Adams
 433 Locust Ave. S.E.
 Huntsville, Ala.

& WE ALSO HEARD FROM:

COLIN CAMERON comments on CRY 124; also asks why I've been cutting his Westercon plugs as not being of general interest. Well--a Westercon is of no interest more than a year in advance. A Westercon's location in 1961 is distinctly an unexciting topic in 1959. However, in past coastcons, the Westercon has been held with the worldcon. ROBERT BLOCH says: "the gentlemanly way to bow out ((of CRYpubbing)) gracefully is merely to run something dirty and get the postal authorities to bar you from the mails. Nobody gets sore, nobody loses face, and you're in the clear. By golly, I liked Terry Carr's bit on the middle of p. 17..." VIC RYAN liked Berry Story, Deckinger, got perfect score on the Fan IQ test, and says "All right, cut the kidding about "croggle" out. Who's the wise guy?" He doesn't believe in Marie Croggle! But does she believe in him? JOE PYLKA reads NEBULA, liked the Bulmer serial therein, thinks new superlatives must be thought up for Berry, feels emphasis on literature in stf would be stimulating rather than detrimental, and has experience both deja vu and scratched record phenomenon. A nice meaty letter. ROBERT N. LAMBECK: "I asked my chem teacher about that formula after Pelz' name. He handed me an 1800 page handbook and said 'Start looking.' I decided that I could survive without knowing what the formula was." MIKE DECKINGER writes a good meaty letter--says Berry story

(one of his best; David Gordon is Randall Garrett ((thanks for info)); Cox's Green Hordes is excellent as a satire--AMAZING or FANTASTIC of a year ago would have snapped it up, ordered it enlarged by 10,000 words and run it as lead novel; wants more of Pelz' clever verse-satires; about parodying Lehrer's parodies, says MAD "printed an illustrated article on 'How to Put Out an Imitation of Mad', which was just a slap at its numerous imitators and one of the cleverest gimmicks they've done." PETER FRANCIS SKEBERDIS is burnt to a crisp by Raeburn. Says Raeburn should know the exchange rates are preposterous. Says he'll pay for a copy of A BAS for Weaver himself if necessary. A good lively letter. DAINIS BISENIEKS is now so thoroughly gaffiated he wants the remainder of his CRY sub to go to Geo. Young. ((Hi, George! Hi, Mary!)) LEN MOFFATT didn't have time to write us a letter, but he liked CRY 126. DONALD FRANSON says sample copies of SPHERE are available for the asking--address in fmz review dept. ALAN DODD says how does one get CRY? We have a UK rep. now, John Berry. Also says he was born on same day as Terry Jeeves. Hi, fellow-Librarian! JOHN TRIMBLE comments on CRY 125. BOB LEMAN sends \$2 and says "life would hardly be worth living without Gerber's letters to CRY to turn to in hours of stress." ARTHUR THOMSON sends some more illos ((thanks muchly)) but is still typerless so no comment. GEORGE NIMS RAYBIN still likes Rich Brown's fanzine reviews. Suggests Detroit should get Ed Emsh's movies for their program. ELLIS MILLS got a letter from Dorcas Bagby Whittier, and is retracting everything. Says Ted Pauls is on the list for UR6. DON DURWARD liked ATOM cover, Frenzel, Berry, Carr (tho he's supporting Bjo), Cox, and the lettercol. JIM CAUGHRAN doesn't want the General Public to know about fandom--neither do I, Jim. Says the reason Burb in Burblings sounded like Burb talking rather than writing was because he was talking. ((I remember--and ol' Jim was typing.)) Also argues with Brown about fandoms...says turnovers in personnel of fandom are important only if the new do not follow behavior, attitudes, etc. of old. STEVE STILES says Deckinger's "Scrambled Dialogue" should have been re-arranged--best lines at beginning. I can't find the letter we got from BOYD RAEBURN--it's around here somewhere, tho. And BILL MEYERS somewhat sadly sends a quarter. He was planning to write a letter of comment, but ran out of time or something. & I've run out of space & letters at the same halcyon moment. See you next month, fellas. Elinor

It's a letter-REVIEW column -- a really space-saving innovation, to be sure....

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****Bring Berry To Detroit**Join the Detention NOW**Terry Carr For TAFF**PuCon in '61**
First Fandom is NOT Dead (see page 9)**I'm with you in Rockland, Carl Brandon.....**